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FORBIDDEN WORLDS

JULY-AUGUST

10¢

EXPLORING the SUPERNATURAL!



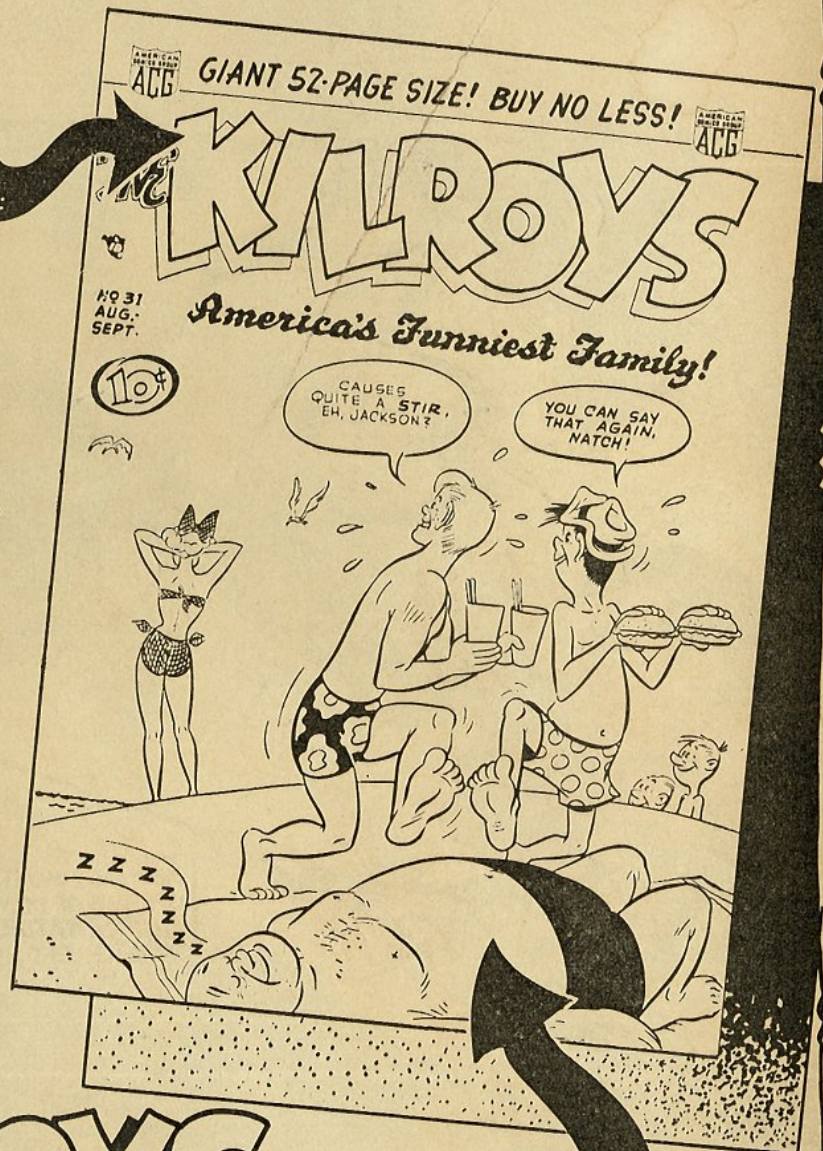
KILROY @ HERE!

IN A SENSATIONAL SMASH
COMICS MAGAZINE THAT'S
TURNED THE TOWN TOPSY-
TURVY!

The KILROYS

HOT OFF THE PRESS AND
A BOMBSHELL OF BELLY-
LAFFS... SO BUY YOUR
COPY NOW! LATCH ON TO
"NATCH", THE TERRIFIC TEEN-
AGER! MEET JUDY, HIS LITTLE
LOVIN' OVEN... JACKSON, THE
DOWNBEAT ATOM BOMB... AND
MOM AND POP KILROY, IN
PERSON!

THEY'RE ALL ON HAND FOR
GIGGLES! SO IF YOU WANT
TO SAY **KILROY WAS
HERE**, AND MEAN IT,



Read *The* KILROYS

America's Funniest Family!



ON ALL
STANDS

and

YOU'D BETTER
HURRY!

DEMON of DESTRUCTION

HERE IT IS, READER... THE MOST AMAZING STORY OF THE AGE... THE HITHERTO UNPUBLISHED ACCOUNT OF HOW A DREAD **DEMON OF DESTRUCTION** STALKED THE EARTH ON HIS MAD, MURDEROUS RAMPAGE! BAR THE DOORS AND TURN THE LIGHTS LOW... FOR HE MAY BE COMING **YOUR WAY!**



IN THE LABORATORY OF DON BRADY, YOUNG ATOMIC PHYSICIST...

BLAST IT... MY CALCULATIONS CAME OUT WRONG AGAIN! I... I'M WORKING MYSELF INTO A NERVOUS BREAKDOWN, TRYING TO HIT ON THE SINGLE FORMULA THAT WILL ENABLE ME TO PERFECT MY ATOMIC ENGINE... BUT IT ALWAYS **ELUDES ME!**

DON, DARLING... TELEGRAM!

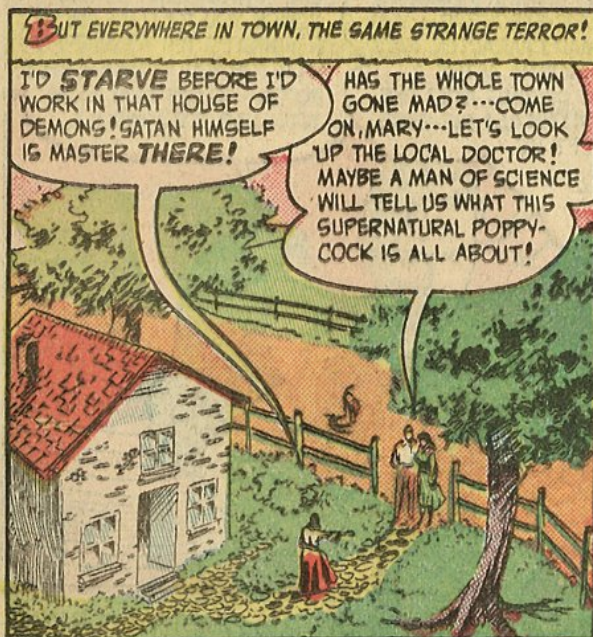
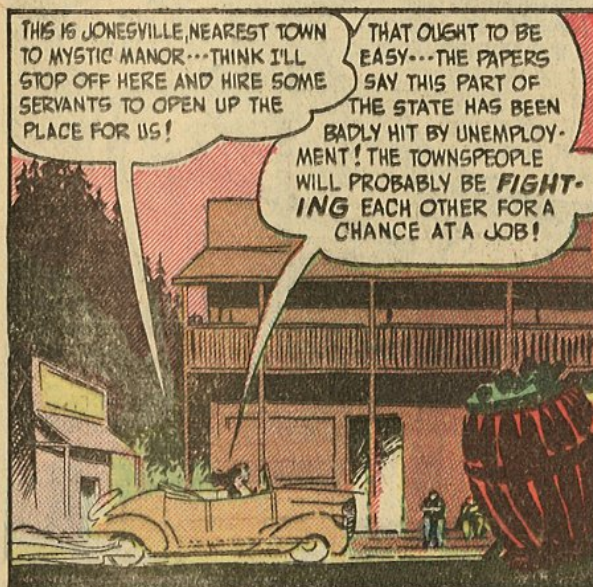


THANKS, MARY... HMM, IT'S FROM MY GRANDUNCLE'S EXECUTOR... YOU KNOW, THE MAD CHARACTER WHO DIED LAST MONTH AFTER A LIFETIME OF DELVING INTO THE **SUPERNATURAL!** THE WIRE SAYS HE LEFT ME HIS HOUSE... **MYSTIC MANOR!**

OH, THAT ANCIENT, LONELY HOUSE YOU TOLD ME ABOUT? I THINK IT'S THE **PERFECT** SPOT FOR YOU TO TAKE A REST IN, DON... TO GET AWAY FROM YOUR LAB FOR A WHILE!



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I'LL TELL YOU---AND THEN MAYBE **YOU'LL BELIEVE!** YOUR GRANDUNCLE'S HOUSEKEEPER WAS BROUGHT TO MY OFFICE SOME TIME AGO---SHE WAS DELIRIOUS, SCREAMING INCOHERENTLY ABOUT SOMETHING SHE CALLED **MARZO!** I WENT TO MYSTIC MANOR MYSELF TO FIND OUT WHAT HAD FRIGHTENED HER---BUT I DIDN'T STAY THERE LONG--- I **COULDN'T!** SOMETHING HORRIBLY EVIL SEEMED TO REACH INTO THE DEPTHS OF MY BEING THE MOMENT I NEARED THAT ACCURSED HOME--- SOMETHING COLD AND MALIGNANT---SOMETHING THAT WANTED MY **SOUL!**



ARE YOU TRYING TO TELL ME THAT MY UNCLE'S **GHOST** IS HAUNTING THAT HOUSE?

NO---IT ALL STARTED **BEFORE** HE DIED---WHEN A HUGE, COFFIN-LIKE CARTON ARRIVED FROM SOMEWHERE IN THE ORIENT! YOUR UNCLE BEGAN DYING BY INCHES SOON AFTER THAT---EACH TIME I SAW HIM, HIS EYES WERE MORE HAUNTED! WHEN HE FINALLY DIED, I ISSUED A DEATH CERTIFICATE FOR HEART FAILURE---BUT I NEVER DARED ASK MYSELF **WHAT STOPPED HIS HEART!** FOR IF EVER I SAW STARK TERROR ON A DEAD MAN'S FACE, IT WAS ON **HIS!** BE WARNED--- **STAY AWAY FROM MYSTIC MANOR!**



I---I'M BEGINNING TO BE SORRY I EVER SUGGESTED COMING HERE, DON! LET'S GO BACK--- **PLEASE!**

SO THIS MASS HYSTERIA IS BEGINNING TO AFFECT YOU, TOO, EH? WELL, IT'S NOT GOING TO GET **ME** DOWN---I'M GOING TO TAKE YOU TO MYSTIC MANOR AND **PROVE** THAT THERE'S NO SUCH THING AS THE SUPERNATURAL!



UP --UP THE LONELY, WINDING MOUNTAIN ROAD, UP TO WHERE THE CLAMMY MISTS HANG LOW AND A STRANGE AURA OF SOME UNKNOWN MENACE HOVERS OVER THE FORBIDDING GABLES OF A HOUSE CRUMBLING WITH THE WEIGHT OF THE AGES--

THAT---THAT CREEPY OLD PLACE MUST BE MYSTIC MANOR, DON---AND **LOOK**---IT---IT SEEMS AS IF A GIGANTIC PHANTOM HAND IS CLUTCHING THE HOUSE!

STRANGE, I SEEM TO SEE IT TOO---BUT IT'S PROBABLY JUST THE FINGERS OF MIST CURLING AROUND THE HOUSE! THERE'S **NOTHING** TO BE AFRAID OF!



Then, PAST THE CREAKING DOOR AND INTO THE MUSTY INTERIOR, WHERE FLICKERING SHADOWS WRITHE ON FURNITURE SHROUDED LIKE WHITE, CROUCHING CORPSES---

DON, I---I'M AFRAID--- **TERRIFIED!**

DON'T BE SILLY, DARLING! THIS CANDELABRA I FOUND OUGHT TO GIVE US ENOUGH LIGHT TO EXPLORE THE OLD JOINT--- AND YOU'LL SEE HOW CHILDISH YOUR FEARS ARE!



THIS MUST HAVE BEEN YOUR UNCLE'S ROOM---HIS DEATH CHAMBER! AND IT---IT LOOKS AS IF SOME DEMONIAL POWER HAD BEEN LET LOOSE IN HERE---TO RAVAGE AND DESTROY!

NONSENSE---UNCLE PHINEAS ALWAYS WAS UNTIDY! HMM, HERE'S AN ANCIENT-LOOKING BOOK---PROBABLY PART OF HIS STUDIES INTO THAT OCCULT POPPYCOCK! LET'S SEE WHAT IT SAYS---IT OUGHT TO GIVE US A **LAUGH!**



And so it came to pass that MARZO, the eternal incarnation of the spirit of destruction, the devil's disciple who is far more evil even than Satan, was finally conquered eons ago... Yea, MARZO, the most dreaded power on earth, was imprisoned in an ancient stone coffin which was then hidden on the peak of Thachap Gangri in Tibet and cursed forever!

HA, WHAT BOSH... LISTEN, IT GETS EVEN FUNNIER! ... "IF HIS COFFIN IS REMOVED FROM THAT PLACE, HIS EVIL AURA WILL SEEP OUT AND STRIKE DREAD INTO THE HEARTS OF MEN! BUT IF EVER HIS COFFIN IS OPENED AND HE ESCAPES, THEN TERROR AND DESTRUCTION WILL STALK FOREVER AMID THE FLAMES AND RUINS OF A RAVAGED WORLD!"

DON, IT *ISN'T* BOSH... THAT HUGE COFFIN-LIKE CARTON WHICH CAME TO YOUR UNCLE FROM THE ORIENT MUST HAVE BEEN **MARZO'S** COFFIN... BECAUSE THE AURA OF EVIL AND DREAD AROUND THIS HOUSE ARRIVED TOGETHER WITH THAT CARTON!



MARZO IS SOMEWHERE IN THIS HOUSE... I... I CAN ALMOST **FEEL** HIS CLAMMY SPIRIT GROPPING FOR MY SOUL!

THE ONLY WAY TO RESTORE YOUR SANITY, MARY, IS TO TURN THIS HOUSE UPSIDE DOWN UNTIL YOU'RE **CONVINCED** THE MYTHICAL MARZO ISN'T HERE... OR ANYWHERE! **COME ON!**



ROOM AFTER SHROUDED ROOM IS SEARCHED IN VAIN... BUT FINALLY, IN THE DIM RECESSES OF THE SUBTERRANEAN CELLAR...

THE ATMOSPHERE OF HOVERING EVIL SEEMS TO BE MORE INTENSE DOWN HERE... AS... AS IF WE'RE GETTING **WARM!** OH, LOOK... THAT HEAVY IRON DOOR! IT'S BOLTED ON **THIS** SIDE... AS IF TO KEEP SOMETHING IN THERE FROM GETTING OUT!

WELL, THAT JUST MAKES IT EASY TO OPEN... AND **DON'T** TRY TO STOP ME!



AS THE UNBOLTED DOOR IS FLUNG OPEN, AN OVERWHELMING AURA OF ALMOST TANGIBLE, DEMONIAL EVIL SURGES OUT... LIKE A STAGGERING BLAST FROM THE DEPTHS!

MARZO'S COFFIN... HE'S IN THERE!

OH, YEAH? I'LL SHOW YOU THERE'S NOTHING SUPERNATURAL IN THAT BOX... I'LL BREAK IT OPEN AND **PROVE** IT!



NO, DON, **DON'T...**!

THERE... THAT DID IT! NOW TO SEE WHAT'S **INSIDE!**





NOW LET'S SEE, I'LL
NEED A CROWBAR OR
LEVER OF SOME KIND
TO GET THAT HEAVY
LID OPEN...

YOU...YOU WON'T
NEED IT, DON...IT
...IT'S OPEN-
ING BY
ITSELF!

CR-REAK



DON...THAT...
THAT **HAND**
UNDER THE
LID...!

GREAT SCOTT...
SOMEONE **IS** IN THERE
...BUT **WHO**... OR
WHAT?



SUDDENLY...

OHHH!



STAND BACK...
WHATEVER
YOU ARE!

FEAR NOT! ALTHOUGH I AM **MARZO**,
THE SPIRIT OF DESTRUCTION,
SWORN TO KILL AND DESTROY, I SHALL
SPARE YOU...BECAUSE YOU HAVE
DELIVERED ME FROM AGE-
OLD CAPTIVITY AND FREED
ME TO STALK AND RAVAGE
THE EARTH ONCE MORE!



AS A REWARD TO YOU WHO
SHATTERED MY PRISON, I WILL
CONFER UPON YOU THE PRICE-
LESS GIFT OF **THREE**
WISHES! NO MATTER WHAT
THREE WISHES YOU MAKE,
THEY SHALL BE GRANTED...AND
NO POWER IN THE UNIVERSE,
NOT EVEN I MYSELF, WILL BE
ABLE TO DENY THEM TO YOU!
BUT NOW, AFTER ALL THESE
CENTURIES, I AM READY TO
GO FORTH ONCE MORE...



CRASH!

...TO
DESTROY!

RR-RRIP!

**STUNNED BY THE FALLING WRECKAGE...
DON REVIVES!**

OH, MY...MY HEAD! THE WHOLE HOUSE
COLLAPSED AROUND OUR EARS...BUT
WE WERE MIRACULOUSLY SPARED SOME-
HOW! MARY'S BEGINNING TO STIR...I'VE
GOT TO GET HER
OUT OF HERE!



I DON'T KNOW HOW IT HAPPENED,
DARLING...I GUESS THE PLACE WAS
SO OLD AND UNSAFE THAT IT WAS
READY TO COLLAPSE THE MOMENT
ANYONE STEPPED FOOT IN IT! I MUST'VE
BEEN REALLY KNOCKED OUT COLD,
THOUGH...BECAUSE I SEEM TO
REMEMBER SOME AWFUL DREAM
ABOUT HOW I UNWITTINGLY RELEASED
A DREAD SPIRIT NAMED **MARZO**,
WHO SAID HE WOULD GRANT ME
THREE WISHES! CRAZY
DREAM FOR A SCIENTIST,
EH?

BUT...BUT THAT'S
WHAT I THOUGHT
I'D DREAMED!
AND IF WE **BOTH**
EXPERIENCED IT,
IT MUST HAVE
BEEN **REALITY!**



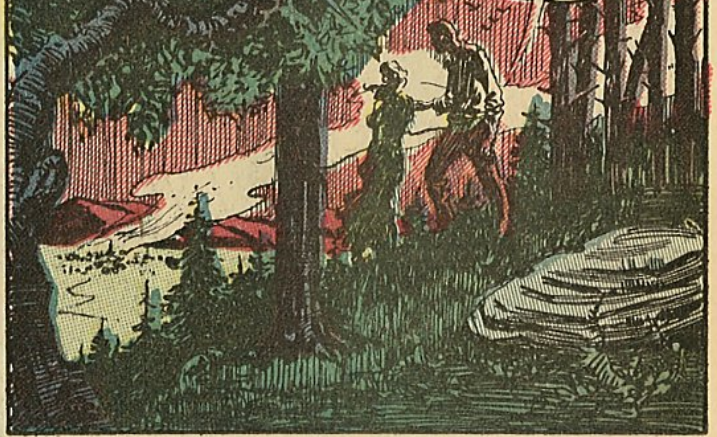
WE'VE GOT TO GET A GRIP ON
OURSELVES, MARY...IT
COULDN'T HAVE REALLY
HAPPENED! THE MASS HYPNOSIS
THAT GRIPPED THE PEOPLE
OF SMITHVILLE MUST HAVE
STARTED WORKING ON
US, TOO!

THINK SO?
**LOOK...
DOWN
THERE!**



SEE, DON?...ALL OF SMITHVILLE
IS IN FLAMES! AND MARZO
SAID HE WAS GOING OUT
TO WREAK DESTRUCTION ON
THE WORLD!

LET...LET'S GET OUT
OF HERE AND HEAD FOR
HOME, MARY! WE'RE **BOTH**
OVERWROUGHT...THAT
FIRE IS JUST A **COIN-
CIDENCE**, AND NOTHING
MORE!



COINCIDENCE? WELL, IN THE DAYS
THAT FOLLOW...

NO...
**NO...
HELP!**



THIS IS THE TWENTY-NINTH GHASTLY
MURDER LIKE THIS IN THESE PARTS
...BUT WE CAN'T SEEM TO LAND
THE KILLER! HE SLIPS THROUGH
THE HEAVIEST POLICE CORDON
...ALMOST AS IF HE'S A
SPIRIT!

YEAH, AND THE TRAIL OF
MURDERS SEEMS TO BE
HEADING TOWARDS NEW
YORK...WE'D BETTER
WARN THE POLICE THERE
TO EXPECT HIM...
OR IT!



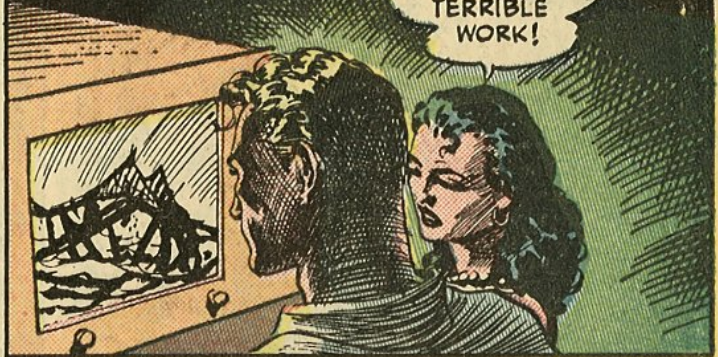
BUT THE POLICE OF NEW YORK HAVE NOT BEEN WARNED TO EXPECT A SPIRIT OF DESTRUCTION THAT CAN BECOME **IN-VISIBLE...MONSTROUS**...THAT CAN STALK THROUGH A CITY AND LEAVE A TRAGIC TRAIL OF DEATH AND HORROR BEHIND!



MEANWHILE, IN DON BRADY'S LAB...

YOU'VE JUST WITNESSED THE MOST HORRIFYING AND UNBELIEVABLE SIGHT IN HISTORY, LADIES AND GENTLEMEN OF THE TELEVISION AUDIENCE...A MASSIVE BRIDGE OF STEEL AND CONCRETE, RIPPED APART BY SOME INVISIBLE FORCE, PINIONING HUNDREDS OF PEOPLE IN THE WRECKAGE...!

DON...THAT... THAT MUST BE **MARZO'S** TERRIBLE WORK!



NOW, WHILE THE SCREAMS OF THE DYING FILL THE AIR, THE HAVOC AND DESTRUCTION SEEM TO HAVE TEMPORARILY HALTED! BUT WHO KNOWS WHEN OR **WHERE** THIS UNKNOWN FORCE WILL STRIKE AGAIN...

YOU KNOW WHAT THAT FORCE IS... BECAUSE **YOU** RELEASED IT!

I...I CAN'T BELIEVE IT...THIS IS THE 20TH CENTURY...THINGS LIKE THIS JUST **CAN'T** HAPPEN!



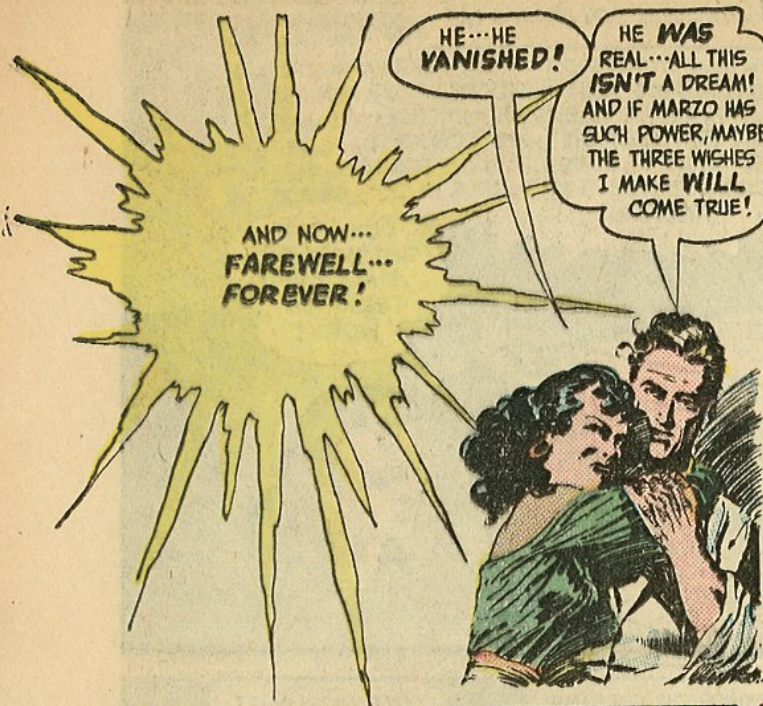
AH, BUT THEY JUST **DID** HAPPEN!

CRASH!

YOU!



YES, I...THE **SPIRIT OF DESTRUCTION** WHO WILL GO ON AND ON...BURNING...KILLING...DESTROYING! WHAT I'VE DONE SO FAR IS **NOTHING** COMPARED TO WHAT I'M ABOUT TO DO... BUT I CAME TO REASSURE YOU THAT NO MATTER WHAT DESTRUCTION I WREAK, YOU WILL BOTH BE SPARED! AND YOU WHO RELEASED ME FROM MY COFFIN WILL BE ALL-POWERFUL...BECAUSE THE THREE WISHES I GRANTED YOU WILL ENABLE YOU TO ACCOMPLISH **ANYTHING** YOUR HEART DESIRES... **ANYTHING!**



AND NOW...
FAREWELL...
FOREVER!

HE...HE
VANISHED!

HE **WAS**
REAL...ALL THIS
ISN'T A DREAM!
AND IF MARZO HAS
SUCH POWER, MAYBE
THE THREE WISHES
I MAKE **WILL**
COME TRUE!

YES, YOUR THREE WISHES
...THE REWARD YOU
RECEIVED FOR **BE-
TRAYING HUMANITY!** IS
THAT ALL YOU CAN THINK
ABOUT AT A TIME LIKE THIS
...WHEN MARZO IS ABOUT
TO DESTROY THE
WHOLE WORLD?

THAT'S ALL I **WANT** TO
THINK ABOUT! I CAN USE
MY FIRST WISH TO OBTAIN
THE SECRET OF THE ATOMIC
ENGINE THAT'S BEEN ELUDING
ME SO LONG... THAT WILL
GIVE ME **POWER!** ANOTHER
WISH WILL MAKE ME THE
RICHEST MAN IN HISTORY...



YOU...YOU **MURDERER!** ALL YOU CARE
ABOUT IS RICHES AND POWER...WHEN **YOU'RE**
THE ONE WHO FREED THAT **MURDEROUS SPECTER**
FROM OUT OF THE **UNKNOWN**...TO PREY
UPON A HELPLESS WORLD! **YOU'RE**
RESPONSIBLE...YOU'RE AS MUCH
A KILLER AS MARZO!



YES, YOU'RE FURIOUS AT
ME...BLIND WITH RAGE,
BECAUSE DEEP IN YOUR
HEART YOU KNOW I'M
RIGHT AND YOU'RE
GUILTY...BUT YOU
CAN'T ADMIT IT TO
YOURSELF...

GET AWAY FROM ME!
I'M GOING TO BE THE
MOST POWERFUL MAN
IN THE WORLD...WHY
SHOULD I LET YOU AND
YOUR CHILDISH RAVING
STAND IN MY WAY? I
...I **WISH YOU**
WERE DEAD!



E INSTANTLY...

CRACK!
**OHH-
HH!**



SHE...SHE'S **DEAD**...AND **MY WISH**
KILLED HER! BUT...BUT I JUST BLURTED
OUT THOSE WORDS WITHOUT MEANING
THEM... I NEVER WANTED HER TO DIE...
SHE'S ALL I EVER LOVED! AND NOW I'VE **LOST**
HER...BECAUSE I UNWITTINGLY USED THE
TERRIBLE POWER MARZO CONFERRED ON
ME! SHE'S **GONE**...
FOREVER!



WAIT...NOT FOREVER! I'VE
STILL GOT TWO MORE WISHES
...I CAN USE ONE OF THEM
TO...

I...I WISH THAT MARY REVIVES... COMES BACK FROM THE DEAD INTO LIFE, EXACTLY AS SHE WAS!



DON...WHAT...WHAT HAPPENED? THE LAST THING I KNEW...

NEVER MIND, DARLING... YOU'RE BACK WITH ME, AND THAT'S ALL THAT MATTERS! YOU...YOU JUST FAINTED...YOU'LL FEEL BETTER AS SOON AS YOU GET SOME FRESH AIR AT THE WINDOW!



AT THAT MOMENT-THE SOUND OF DESTRUCTION!

HA HA HA!



DON...L... LOOK!

GREAT SCOTT...NEW YORK... IT...IT'S BEING UTTERLY DESTROYED!



THERE...THERE GOES THE EMPIRE STATE BUILDING!

CR-PRAK!



THIS IS WHAT MARZO MEANT WHEN HE SAID THAT WHAT HE'D DONE SO FAR WAS NOTHING COMPARED TO WHAT HE WAS GOING TO DO! HE...HE'S GOING ON A RAMPAGE OF DESTRUCTION SUCH AS THE WORLD NEVER DREAMED OF...AND ONLY YOU CAN STOP HIM, DON! YOU'VE GOT THE THREE WISHES HE AWARDED YOU... WISHES HE SAID NOT EVEN HE HIMSELF COULD DENY! YOU CAN USE ONE OF THOSE WISHES TO DESTROY HIM...YOU'VE GOT TO DO IT!

NO, NOT THREE WISHES ANYMORE...JUST ONE...





JUST ONE WISH LEFT...
AND WITH IT, I CAN ASK FOR
THE SECRET I NEED TO PER-
FECT MY ATOMIC ENGINE...
THE SECRET I'VE HUNGERED
FOR, THE ONE THAT WILL MAKE
ME THE RICHEST AND MOST
POWERFUL
MAN IN THE
WORLD!

I...I CAN SEE I WAS
WRONG IN ASKING YOU
TO STOP MARZO...YOUR
GREED IS GREATER THAN
YOUR CONCERN FOR
HUMANITY! GO AHEAD,
THEN...**USE** YOUR
LAST WISH FOR WHAT-
EVER YOU WANT! **GAIN**
YOUR WEALTH AND POWER...
BUT LOSE **ME**...BECAUSE
I...I'M GOING OUT THERE
TO DIE WITH ALL
THE OTHERS!



NO, MARY... **WAIT!** I...I REMEMBER
WHAT IT MEANT TO HAVE LOST YOU
ONCE...I COULDN'T GO ON LIVING
WITHOUT YOU, WITHOUT YOUR LOVE!
YOU...YOU'VE MADE ME REALIZE
WHAT'S **REALLY** IMPORTANT IN
LIFE...NOT WEALTH OR POWER...
BUT **LOVE AND HUMANITY!**
**I'LL USE MY LAST WISH TO
STOP
MARZO!**

OH...
DON!



**TURN BACK, TIME, TO BEFORE
I RELEASED MARZO FROM HIS
STONE COFFIN IN MYSTIC MANOR!
LET HIM BE STILL A PRISONER...
SO THAT ALL THE DEATH
AND DESTRUCTION HE
CAUSED WILL BE UNDONE,
AS IF IT HAD NEVER
HAPPENED!**



INSTANTLY...

YAAAGHH!



HE...HE VANISHED
...YOU **DID** IT,
DON!

YES, AND THE CITY'S INTACT, AND
ALL THE PEOPLE ARE ALL RIGHT...
EVERYTHING IS JUST THE WAY IT WAS,
AS IF MARZO NEVER ACTUALLY WENT
ON HIS RAMPAGE! AND SINCE THE
DESTRUCTION HE CAUSED WAS ALL
UNDONE, AS IF IT NEVER EVEN
HAPPENED, THE MEMORY OF IT
WILL BE WIPED OUT OF PEOPLE'S
MINDS...NO ONE WILL REMEMBER
MARZO, EXCEPT
US!



YES, HE'S SECURELY IMPRISONED
IN HIS STONE COFFIN AGAIN,
BACK IN MYSTIC MANOR...
AND WE'LL MAKE SURE
THAT HE **STAYS**
THERE!

RIGHT, DARLING! I
DON'T REALLY CARE
ABOUT THOSE WASTED
THREE WISHES NOW...
AS LONG AS I HAVE
YOU!

The END!
10.

ALL NEW!

8 WALT DISNEY COMIC BOOKS!

FOR ONLY **15¢** AND ONE WHEATIES BOXTOP

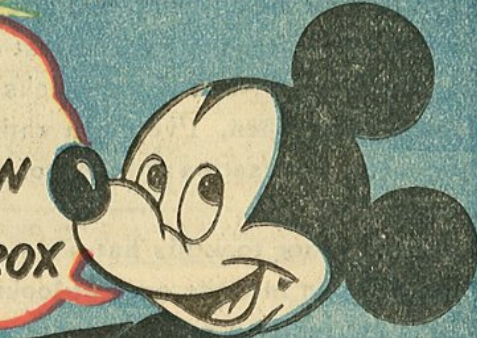
USE THE QUICK
ORDER BLANK ON
YOUR WHEATIES BOX

THEY'RE
POCKET SIZE!

Donald Duck and the
Inca Idol
by WALT DISNEY



**Gus and
Jaquie** SAVE
THE SHIP
WALT DISNEY



Mickey Mouse and the
MAGIC MOUNTAIN
by WALT DISNEY



Donald Duck in the
LOST LAKE
WALT DISNEY



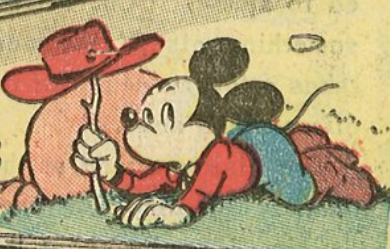
**LIL' BAD
WOLF**
Fire Fighter
by WALT DISNEY



GOOFY
BIG GAME
HUNTER
WALT DISNEY



MOUSE and the
STAGECOACH BANDITS
by WALT DISNEY



Donald Duck
Deep-sea Dive



ALL NEW STORIES
NOT SOLD IN STORES

AND **24** MORE NEW BOOKS
READY NOW SEE YOUR
WHEATIES BOX FOR DETAILS!

Monsieur WEREWOLF

A H, COME IN, come in," the old man said, peering out from under enormous eyebrows at the visitor at his door. "No one ever seems to come up this lonely mountain to visit me anymore, and strangers pass by only too infrequently. The last one passed by here more than three weeks ago...and ever since then, I've been rather hungry for...er, conversation and news of the village below."

The visitor took his hat off and followed the old man into the ancient-looking house. "I'm not really a stranger just passing idly by," he said. "I came here expressly to see you, sir. You see, I'm a student at Heidelberg University, studying for my doctorate in Occultology. In the course of writing my dissertation on lycanthropy, I came across your name as the author of some extraordinarily curious books on werewolves. So I decided to look you up and ask you where you got all the information and source material."

"But I must confess I had a devilishly hard time finding out where you live. As soon as I mentioned the name of Monsieur Jacques Turenne, all the villagers down below fled from me as if I'd asked for Satan himself. It was only when I cornered one little lad and promised to buy him all the sweets he could eat, that I learned you lived atop this mountain."

The old man smiled, revealing a perfect set of white, gleaming teeth that seemed incongruous in a face as old and sagging as his. "We explorers of the occult must expect such treatment from the masses, mustn't we?" he said. "But come into my study. I'll show you what the superstitious fools are so afraid of."

Inside the study, M. Turenne took out a strangely shaped bottle from a drawer and

shook the vile green liquid it contained. "See...*this* is what they fear. They think it's a magical liquid that can turn anyone into a *werewolf*! Actually, it's merely a mixture of eleoselinum, aconitum, frondes populeae, sium, pentaphyllon, uespertilioris sanguis and solanum somniferum."

"Mnn," the visitor murmured. "That means it's composed of hemlock, aconite, poplar leaves, cowbane, cinquefoil, bat's blood and deadly nightshade. But how do the superstitious villagers think it's supposed to work?"

Jacques Turenne laughed this time, revealing incisor teeth that were strangely elongated and pointed, almost like a wolf's. Dipping his hands into the bottle, he said, "They believe that if anyone smears his hands with it, like this...and then rubs the concoction across his face, like this...then one is transformed into a werewolf, with an insatiable desire to kill!"

The visitor shuddered involuntarily. "Well, obviously it *doesn't* work...you're still Jacques Turenne. But it is an interesting belief. I think I'll just jot the details down in my notebook, in case I want to mention it in my thesis."

Bending low over his notebook, the student of occultology didn't notice the sudden change that overtook Turenne, and he didn't even bother to look up as the old man started to speak. "Oh, I neglected to tell you something else," the werewolf said. "It takes a few moments for the mixture to take effect! And now..."

The visitor turned at the hideous animal snarl behind him. For one horrified moment he stared at the awful half-man, half-wolf shape before him...and by the time he turned to flee, it was already too late, for the fangs were at his throat.

IT'S MIDNIGHT, READER, AND A BANSHEE WIND WAILS AMID THE TOSSING TREETOPS! ACROSS THE PALLID MOON DRIFTS THE EERIE SHADOW OF-- A BAT! HERE'S AS STRANGE AND GRIPPING A STORY AS YOU'VE EVER READ-- THE STORY OF A LOST SOUL-- THE TALE OF A VAMPIRE LOVE YOU'LL REMEMBER FOREVER!

LOVE OF A VAMPIRE



YES, IT ALL STARTED INNOCENTLY ENOUGH! A HONEYMOON COUPLE, CONFIDENT OF A LIFE OF HAPPINESS BEFORE THEM! LITTLE DID THEY REALIZE THAT THIS WAS A FATEFUL MOMENT-- THAT BEFORE THEM LOOMED NIGHTMARE TRAGEDY!

WE'LL JUST BE HERE FOR ONE NIGHT, MR.-- ER--

BRUNT-- HANS BRUNT! I'M THE NIGHT MANAGER! WE WELCOME HONEYMOONERS HERE! AND YOUR WIFE IS VERY-- BEAUTIFUL!



HERE'S YOUR ROOM, AND I TRUST YOU'LL BE VERY COMFORTABLE! GOOD NIGHT-- AND PLEASANT DREAMS, MRS. CUMMINGS!

I-- I WISH WE HADN'T STOPPED HERE! THERE'S SOMETHING-- EVIL ABOUT THAT OLD MAN!



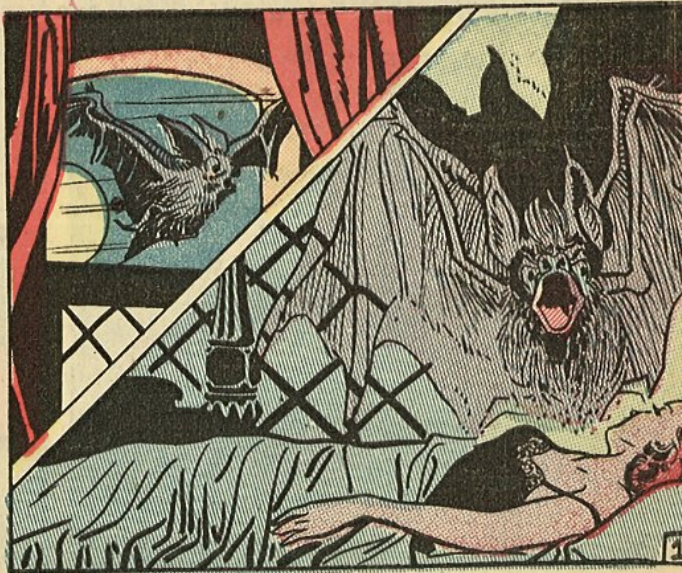
BUT THERE WAS SOMETHING ABOUT THAT GHOSTLY MOON THAT TERRIFIED BETH! SOMETHING--

GREAT SCOTT, THAT BAT-- LOOK AT THE SIZE OF IT! BUT DON'T LET IT SCARE YOU, DARLING-- YOU'RE TREMBLING!

I-- I CAN'T HELP IT! I'VE GOT THE STRANGEST FEELING THAT SOMETHING HORRIBLE IS GOING TO HAPPEN!



SOMETHING HORRIBLE! PROPHETIC WORDS-- FOR IN THE WEIRD HUSH OF MIDNIGHT, A GREAT BAT WHEELED CLOSER-- CLOSER--





KEN SLEPT, ALL UN-AWARE, AS THE TERROR-LADEN HOURS PASSED! AND WITH MORNING CAME-- AN AWFUL DIS-COVERY!

HI, SWEETHEART! DID YOU-- WHY, SHE'S GONE!



SHE'S NOWHERE AROUND! I-- I'M SURE THE WINDOW HADN'T BEEN OPEN THIS MUCH!



WORRY GAVE WAY TO SUSPICION, PANIC! THERE WAS ONLY ONE THING TO DO-- CALL THE POLICE!

THAT'S RIGHT-- MY WIFE'S MISSING! COME OVER RIGHT AWAY-- PLEASE!



THE POLICE CAME-- SEARCHED-- ASKED QUESTIONS-- ALL FRUIT-LESSLY! WAS IT KEN'S IMAGINATION-- OR DID THEY DIS-PLAY A STRANGE SUSPICION-- A STRANGER FEAR?



SHE-- SHE COULDN'T HAVE GONE THROUGH THE WINDOW-- WE'D HAVE FOUND HER, OR AT LEAST LADDER MARKS ON THE GROUND! WAS THERE ANYONE AROUND HERE WHO SPOKE TO HER, OR--

ONLY OLD BRUNT, THE NIGHT MANAGER!

HEY, RILEY! SEND BRUNT UP HERE!



NO-- I DIDN'T HEAR A THING ALL NIGHT! BUT WHO'D WANT TO HARM ANYONE AS LOVELY AS MRS. CUMMINGS? SHE WAS THE MOST BEAUTIFUL GIRL I'D EVER SEEN!

I DON'T LIKE THE WAY HE TALKS ABOUT BETH! THERE'S SOMETHING-- STRANGE ABOUT HIM!



AND THEN-- KEN SPOTTED SOMETHING THE POLICE HAD MISSED!

LOOK-- WHAT'S THIS? IT-- IT LOOKS LIKE A CLAW!

A-- WHAT?



YES-- A CRUEL-LOOKING TALON! WHY DID THE POLICEMEN STARE AT EACH OTHER SO STRANGELY? WHY WERE THEIR FACES SO WHITE?

I DON'T GET IT! WHAT'S IT DOING HERE-- AND WHAT SORT OF A CREATURE COULD IT HAVE COME FROM?

ER-- I'M SURE IT'S GOT NOTHING TO DO WITH THE CASE-- BUT WE'LL TAKE IT ALONG, ANYWAY! AND WE'LL LET YOU KNOW IF ANYTHING DEVELOPS, MR. CUMMINGS!

FOLLOWED DREARY, CAREWORN DAYS OF WAITING, AND STILL NO WORD! FINALLY, AT POLICE HEADQUARTERS...



KEN SOUGHT OUT THE DETECTIVE AT THE LIBRARY...



AND SO KEN CUMMINGS READ-- AND HIS HEART GREW NUMB WITH A NAMELESS HORROR...



WITHIN KEN'S MIND GREW THE MEMORY OF AN OLD MAN CAPTIVATED BY BETH'S BEAUTY-- OF A STRANGE CLAW! IT COULDN'T BE-- BUT--

IT'S--INCREDIBLE! HANS BRUNT--THE NIGHT MANAGER--AND COUNT VON BRUNT--WHO VANISHED OVER A CENTURY AGO! A--A VAMPIRE! BUT THAT WOULD EXPLAIN THE STRANGE FEAR THE POLICE SHOWED! WELL, IF THEY WON'T DO ANYTHING ABOUT IT, I WILL! I'LL FIND BETH IF IT'S THE LAST THING I DO!



BACK AT THE HOTEL...

HOW DARE YOU BREAK INTO MY ROOM THIS WAY? GET OUT-- OR I'LL CALL THE POLICE!

THAT BANDAGE ON YOUR FINGER, BRUNT-- DOES IT CONCEAL A MISSING FINGERNAIL? GO AHEAD AND CALL THE POLICE-- MAYBE THEY'LL RETURN A CLAW THAT FITS!



AND THIS HANDKERCHIEF ON THE TABLE-- BETH'S! HOW DO YOU EXPLAIN THAT?

I--I FOUND IT-- I WAS GOING TO TAKE IT TO HEADQUARTERS! WHAT ARE YOU ACCUSING ME OF, YOUNG MAN?



I'M ACCUSING YOU-- COUNT VON BRUNT-- OF THE ABDUCTION OF MY WIFE-- AND HER PROBABLE MURDER! MAYBE I HAVEN'T GOT ANY REAL EVIDENCE, BUT WHEN I GIVE THE POLICE THESE EXTRA FACTS IN THE MORNING, THEY MAY COME UP WITH ENOUGH TO HANG YOU!

THINK SO, EH? WE'LL SEE!



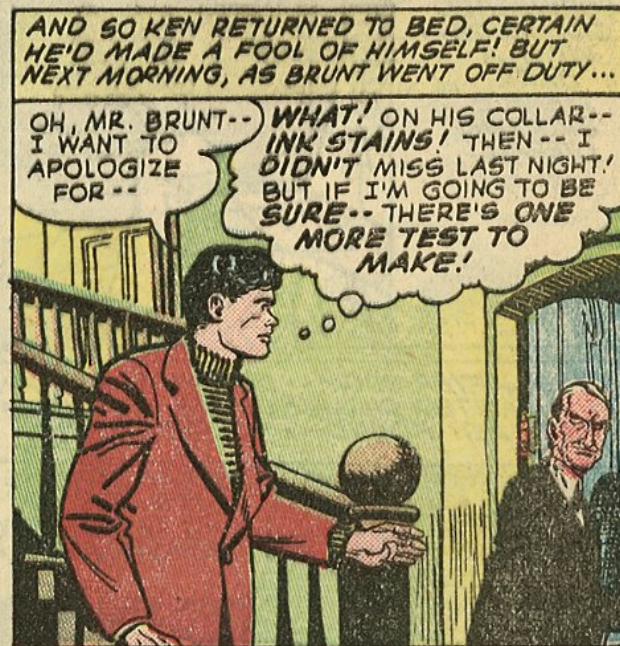
THAT NIGHT, KEN'S SLEEP WAS TROUBLED! ODD, NIGHTMARE VISIONS FLITTED THROUGH HIS TORTURED MIND! AND, FLITTING, CAME A VISION THAT WAS REAL-- THE AWFUL SHAPE OF A HUGE BAT!



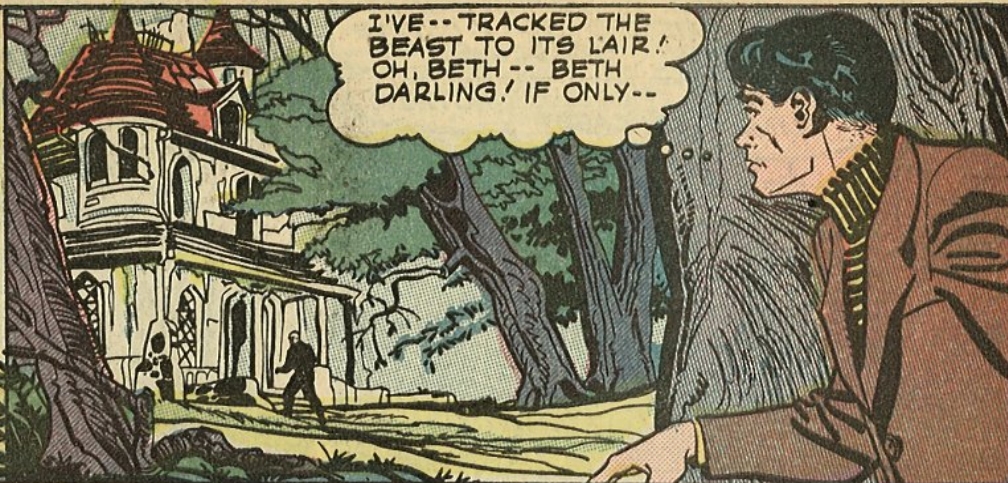
A SIXTH SENSE WARNED THE SLEEPING MAN, BROUGHT HIM TO WAKEFULNESS-- IN THE NICK OF TIME!

HOLY HANNAH! THAT THING---IT---IT'S MONSTROUS!





THROUGH A THICK AND GLOOMY FOREST THE TRAIL LED, THROUGH SWAMP- LAND AND GLADE! FINALLY, KEN SAW OLD BRUNT DIS- APPEAR INTO A RUINED, DESERTED OLD MANSION THAT SEEMED TO BREATHE FORTH THE AURA OF THE UNKNOWN-- OF DEATH ITSELF!



I'VE--TRACKED THE BEAST TO ITS LAIR! OH, BETH-- BETH DARLING! IF ONLY--

INSIDE, A MAZE OF CRUMBLING CORRIDORS AND COBWEBBED CHAMBERS-- WITH A DARK MENACE BROODING OVERALL!



OLD BRUNT SEEMS TO HAVE DISAPPEARED-- WHICH SHOULD MAKE MY SEARCH EASIER!

ROOM AFTER ROOM -- NOTHING! AND FINALLY, IN A VAULTED CHAMBER DEEP WITHIN THE OLD PILE, KEN FOUND -- TRAGEDY!



GREAT HEAVENS-- IT'S BETH! AND SHE'S BEYOND HUMAN HELP!

BEHIND HIM, THERE ECHOED A CACKLING DEMONIC LAUGH! IT WAS THE MAN HE HAD FOLLOWED-- BUT HOW CHANGED! THIS WAS A DEVIL OUT OF THE DEAD PAST! THIS WAS COUNT VON BRUNT-- VAMPIRE!

SO-- NOW YOU KNOW! AND BEFORE I KILL YOU, YOU'LL KNOW THE POWER OF A VAMPIRE! FOR YOU-- YOUR WIFE IS DEAD! BUT FOR ME, SHE'LL RISE AT MY COMMAND! WATCH!



YOU -- FIEND!

A CRISP ORDER-- A COMMANDING GESTURE--
AND A DREADFUL RESULT! FOR THE STILL,
COLD FORM STIRS-- RISES!

BETH-- BETH! YOU'RE
NOT DEAD! TELL
ME YOU'RE
NOT!



YOU'RE TOO LATE, FOOL! SHE'S
DEAD-- AND ALREADY A
VAMPIRE LIKE MYSELF!
TONIGHT SHE WILL ASSUME HER
BAT'S SHAPE-- AND GO FORTH
TO SEARCH FOR PREY!
AND NOTHING
YOU CAN DO
CAN STOP
HER!



IT WAS THEN THAT GRIEF, HATRED, MADE
KEN THROW CAUTION TO THE WINDS! IN A
HEADLONG, SUICIDAL RUSH--

I'LL STOP IT-- BY RIPPING
YOU APART WITH MY BARE
HANDS!



BUT OF WHAT USE RAW COURAGE-- AGAINST
THE SUPERNATURAL? WITH AN AWFUL
STRENGTH OUT OF THE UNKNOWN, THE
VAMPIRE STRUCK A MORTAL BLOW!

DIE, YOU FOOL!

OH-HH!



DOWN WENT THE FATALLY-WOUNDED MAN,
CLUTCHING AT THE METAL CHAIN THAT EN-
GIRDLED HIS WIFE'S WAIST! IT SNAPPED,
CAME LOOSE IN HIS HAND--



THIS CHAIN-- MADE
OF PURE SILVER-- THE
ONLY METAL THAT CAN
KILL A VAMPIRE!
OH, GIVE ME STRENGTH--
GIVE ME
STRENGTH!



IT WAS A STRENGTH BORN OF DESPERATION-- OF LOVE! DYING, KEN FLUNG HIMSELF ON THE SURPRISED VON BRUNT-- AND--

I-- CAN'T LIVE-- BUT I'LL-- TAKE YOU WITH ME!

ARGHH!



YES, THE SILVER CHAIN DID ITS WORK WELL-- AND TIME CLAIMED THE MOULDERING BODY OF VON BRUNT! AND AS THE VAMPIRE DREW HIS LAST BREATH--

KEN-- OH, KEN, MY HUSBAND--

HER-- HER VOICE-- AS IF SHE LIVED AGAIN--



OH, BETH, BETH, YOU HEAR-- YOU UNDERSTAND! TAKE ME-- IN YOUR ARMS! ONE LAST KISS BEFORE I-- I--

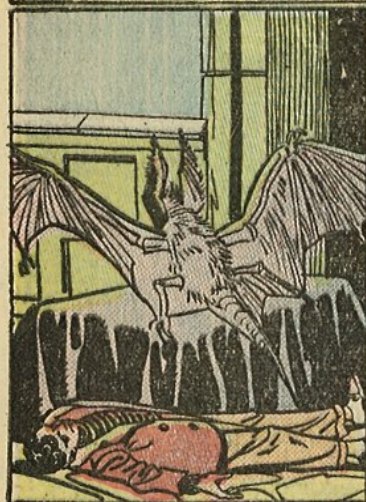
IT'S-- TOO LATE! YOU'RE DYING-- AND I'M CONDEMNED TO A LIVING DEATH AS A VAMPIRE-- FOREVER! GOODBYE, DARLING-- GOODBYE!



HE'S-- DEAD! AND-- AND ALREADY I FEEL THE OVERPOWERING VAMPIRE URGE WITHIN ME! BUT I STILL HAVE A TRACE OF THE HUMAN-- I'VE NEVER CLAIMED A VICTIM-- I CAN STILL WEEP! PERHAPS I STILL HAVE ENOUGH MORTAL LOVE WITHIN ME TO SAVE US BOTH! I MUST TRY-- TRY!

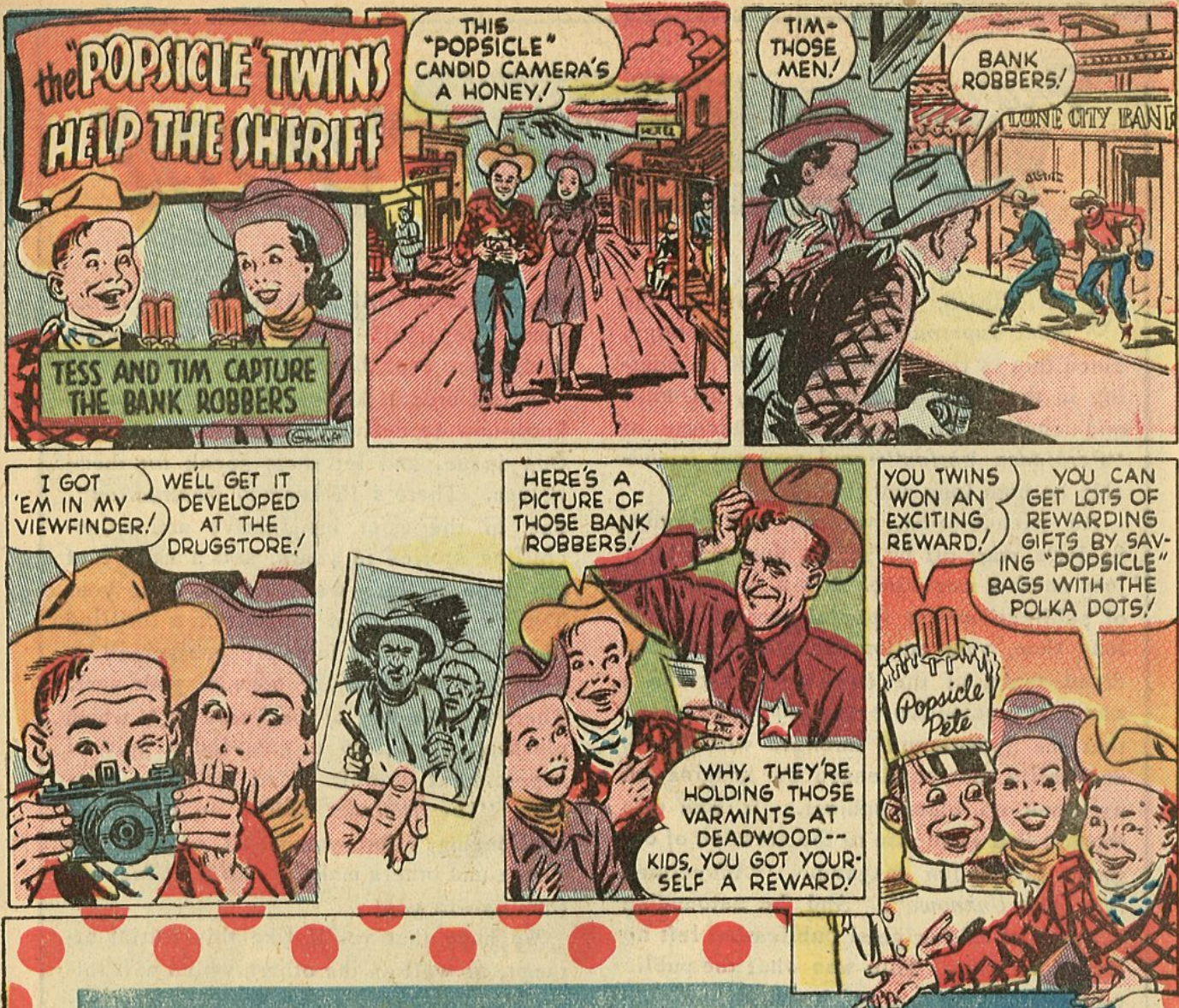


THEN IT WAS THAT THE CURSE OF THE VAMPIRE TOOK EFFECT, AND WHAT HAD ONCE BEEN A LOVELY WOMAN BECAME-- A FLITTING BAT! WAS IT TOO LATE-- WAS BETH EMBARKED ON HER GRISLY MISSION? NO! THE REMNANTS OF A HUMAN HEART SURGING STRONGLY WITHIN HER, SHE SOARED TO THE VAULTED CEILING! THEN, IN A SINGLE, SWIFT, SUICIDAL PLUNGE, SHE CRASHED DOWNWARDS-- JOINING HER HUSBAND IN EVERLASTING DEATH!



AND THUS IT WAS THAT TRUE LOVE CONQUERED THE VAMPIRE'S EVIL, AND EMERGED TRIUMPHANT! NOW, FINALLY, THE SOULS OF BETH AND KEN WERE AT PEACE AND THEY FACED ETERNITY-- TOGETHER-- FOR ALWAYS!

THE END



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From **YOUR EDITOR-** to **YOU!**

GREETINGS, ALL YOU fans of the great *Supernatural*---special greetings, since this is the first time that we're meeting in the pages of a brand-new, actionful and challenging magazine. Welcome to "*Forbidden Worlds*"---and may our friendship be both long and rewarding!

As friends-to-be, we can talk plainly. So let's start off by saying that this isn't just another magazine. It's a *special* kind of publication---for *special* people! For a long time, your editor has known that the dread realm of the *Unknown* exercised a magnetic fascination over thinking people---that the *Supernatural* thronged with thrills and chills that challenged the imagination as does no other subject. It was this thought that gave rise to the creation of our great companion magazine, "*Adventures Into The Unknown*". And the astounding success of this original publication left no room for doubt. This was what the public wanted---and we gave it to them! We delved deeply into weird and eerie subjects---came up with strange, fascinating stories that packed an out-of-the-world punch---and fans flocked to our bandwagon! They demanded greater frequency of issue, and we gave it to them in the shape of a hard-hitting and thrilling monthly magazine. But this wasn't enough---they cried out for a companion publication to "*Adventures Into The Unknown*"---and now we're providing it in the form of "*Forbidden Worlds*"!

So here it is---your own special magazine---chockful of the very thrilling fare we've learned you want! We *dare* you to read each and every issue of this startling new publication---to venture into forbidden, *Unknown* worlds! And as you read, you'll watch the *Supernatural* come alive! You'll meet ghosts, zombies, werewolves, vam-

pires---you'll chill to black magic from beyond life itself---you'll gasp at stranger things than ever the mind of man conceived!

A tall order? Maybe---but we've got the know-how to deliver! Read the stories in this issue, and let them speak for themselves. There's "*Demon of Destruction*", one of the most imaginative and spine-chilling stories in years, and a sample of the type of fare we'll try to bring you. There's "*Love of A Vampire*", a thrilling adventure into old folk-lore guaranteed to keep you glued to the edge of your seat. There's "*The Way of the Werewolf*", which plummets you into a gasp-laden epic of supernatural exploit. And let's not overlook "*The Monster Doll*", an eerie and challenging effort you won't soon forget! These and others make up our first issue---from us---to you!

We hope that you'll like this initial attempt, as well as the others which will follow. But we'll have no way of knowing unless you tell us! Won't you please write us, informing us as to what stories you like, as well as those you don't go for? And let us know what you'd wish to see in future issues! Address your letters to:

The Editor
Forbidden Worlds
45 West 45th Street
New York 19, N. Y.

We'll reprint whatever letters space will allow in later issues. And until we meet again on this page, so long---from the magazine that *dares* to be different---that *dares* to tell all!

Don't miss our companion publication---"*Adventures Into The Unknown*"!

The WAY of the WEREWOLF

DO YOU CONSIDER THE UNKNOWN JUST A PASSING THRILL THAT CAN BE LEFT SAFELY IN THE SHADOWS AT MIDNIGHT...A GLIMPSE OF THE TERROR THAT HAS GRIPPED NAMELESS PEOPLE IN SOME TIMELESS AGE? THEN WAIT...WAIT FOR THE DARK HOUR THAT BRINGS ONDOOK...HIS FANGED MUZZLE RAISED IN A BAYING SUMMONS...HIS RED-RIMMED EYES LURING YOU TO THE WAY OF THE WEREWOLF!

ONE AFTERNOON...AT THE "DAILY HERALD"...

I'M WONDERING...MAYBE WE CAN RING

THE LACK OF SENSATIONAL NEWS MAKES THIS A NICE TOWN TO LIVE IN, ROY... BUT IT'S MURDER FOR A REPORTER TRYING TO DIG UP SOMETHING THAT'LL MAKE THE HEADLINES!

IN THAT WEIRD PLAGUE OF **MAN-EATING WOLVES** THAT ARE SWEEPING THROUGH THE VILLAGES OF CENTRAL INDIA!

YOU KNOW, ROY... **THAT'S** AN ANGLE LOADED WITH QUESTION MARKS! HORRIBLE AS THOSE WOLF RAIDS ARE, THERE'S SOMETHING EVEN MORE SIGNIFICANT THAN PEOPLE BEING DRAGGED FROM THEIR BEDS... **NAMELY, WHY HASN'T IT HAPPENED BEFORE?**



SEE WHAT I MEAN? SINCE WOLVES DON'T DEVELOP INTO MAN-EATERS OVERNIGHT, IT'S ALMOST AS IF THEY'VE BEEN KEPT IN CHECK BY SOMETHING--AND ARE NOW GOING ON RAMPAGE BECAUSE THE OBSTACLE NO LONGER EXISTS!

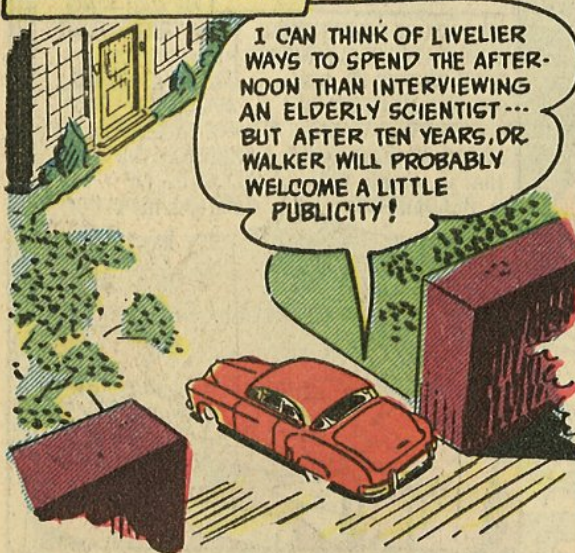
LOOK, CHUM---I'M NOT INTERESTED IN YOUR YEN FOR THE SUPERNATURAL! WHAT I'VE GOT IN THE BACK OF MY MIND IS A LOCAL TIE-IN WITH THOSE WOLF ATTACKS--- AND IT'S JUST COME TO ME! SEE WHETHER WE'VE GOT ANYTHING FILED ON **DR. AMBROSE WALKER!**

THERE'S NOTHING ON DR. WALKER'S CARD BUT "**INDIA, 1941---WOLVES!**" DOES THAT RING A BELL?

I KNEW THERE'D BE **SOME** CONNECTION---BUT FOR THE LIFE OF ME, I CAN'T REMEMBER THE DETAILS! ANYWAY, LARRY---DROP AROUND AND GET DR. WALKER'S COMMENT ON THOSE PROWLING WOLVES---MAYBE IT'LL GIVE US SOMETHING TO WRAP A STORY AROUND!



A HALF-HOUR LATER---



I WISH I HAD SOME EXCUSE TO INTERVIEW **YOU** INSTEAD OF YOUR FATHER---BUT AS IT IS, I DON'T THINK YOU'D GET MUCH OF A BANG OUT OF TALKING ABOUT **WOLVES!**

YOU MEAN **YOU** LIKE THEM, TOO? IF YOU ONLY KNEW HOW LONG I'VE WAITED TO FIND SOMEONE WHO **DOES!**



HONEY---I DON'T MEAN **MY** KIND OF WOLF! I'M TALKING ABOUT THE TYPE THAT **BITE!**

YES---THE ONES MOST PEOPLE FEAR, AND ASSOCIATE WITH ALL SORTS OF HORRIBLE SUPERSTITIONS! I WISH I KNEW WHY I **DON'T**... BECAUSE I'VE ADORED THE CREATURES SINCE I WAS A CHILD---AND I EVEN DIMLY REMEMBER PRETENDING MY **PLAY-MATES** WERE WOLVES!





SUDDENLY---

CANISA!
HAVEN'T I TOLD
YOU TIME AND AGAIN
THAT THERE'S **ONE**
SUBJECT YOU MUSTN'T
DISCUSS? GO TO
YOUR ROOM!

WAIT A MINUTE, DOC! I
DON'T KNOW WHY WOLVES
SHOULD BE TABOO--- BUT
I'M THE ONE WHO BROUGHT
THE SUBJECT UP! I'M **LARRY**
DAVIS---REPORTER FOR
THE "**HERALD**"!

OF COURSE YOU'RE A
REPORTER---WHAT DO YOU
THINK I'M OBJECTING TO?
GET THIS STRAIGHT, YOUNG
FELLOW---ANYTHING I FOUND
IN INDIA TEN YEARS AGO
IS **FINISHED**---IT'S
NO LONGER NEWS,
UNDERSTAND ME?

NOT EXACTLY---
EXCEPT THAT
YOU'RE PRACTI-
CALLY INVITING
ME TO DIG UP
THE FACTS MY
OWN WAY!



BACK AT THE "HERALD"---

WELL, LARRY---DID THAT
SESSION WITH DR. WALKER
FINISH OFF THE WEIRD
SLANT YOU'VE GOT ON
THOSE WOLVES?

FAR FROM IT, CHUM!
THERE SEEMS TO BE
A LOT MORE STORY
THAN I WAS LOOK-
ING FOR---AND I'M
GOING AFTER IT
TONIGHT!



HOURS LATER---

MY INTENTIONS ARE STRICTLY
ON THE UP AND UP---BUT JUST
THE SAME, I'M GLAD THERE'S
NO ONE AROUND TO
WATCH THIS!



NOPE---I WOULDN'T GO POKING
AROUND DR. WALKER'S STUDY
FOR AN ORDINARY NEWS BEAT!
EVEN CANISA'S BEING HIPPIED
ON WOLVES MIGHTN'T RATE
A PARAGRAPH---**IF** DR. WALKER
DIDN'T OBJECT SO STRONGLY
TO HER TALKING ABOUT THEM!

FOR MY
MONEY, THERE'S
SOMETHING QUEER
AND MYSTERIOUS
ABOUT THE WHOLE
SETUP---AND I'VE
BEEN TRAINED
TO LOOK FOR
ANSWERS!



**AS LARRY RIFFLES THROUGH THE
PAGES---**

"---MY GUIDES REFUSED TO
FOLLOW THE WOLF PACK---
AND PUSHING ALONE THROUGH
A DENSE GROVE OF BAN-
YANG, I SOON
LEARNED WHY!"

YE GODS---
HERE IT IS---
AND **QUEER**
ISN'T THE WORD
FOR IT! IT'S VIVID AS
LIGHTNING---SOME-
THING I CAN SEE AL-
MOST AS CLEARLY AS
IF I'D
BEEN
THERE!



"THERE WAS A BURROW UNDER THE TOWERING ROOTS...AND FROM IT CAME A SOUND...HIGH PITCHED AND UNUSUAL!"



IT'S INCREDIBLE...BUT THAT WAS A HUMAN VOICE! THERE'S A CHILD DOWN IN THAT HOLE!

"A CHILD? YES, SHE SOUNDED LIKE ONE...SHE EVEN REMOTELY LOOKED LIKE ONE...BUT THE WRITHING CREATURE I DREW FROM THE DEN FOUGHT WITH THE SAVAGERY OF A SNAPPING BEAST!"



EASY...EASY...I CERTAINLY HOPE MY TONE QUIETS HER DOWN...BECAUSE LANGUAGE DOESN'T MEAN A THING TO HER!

ARRRRGH!

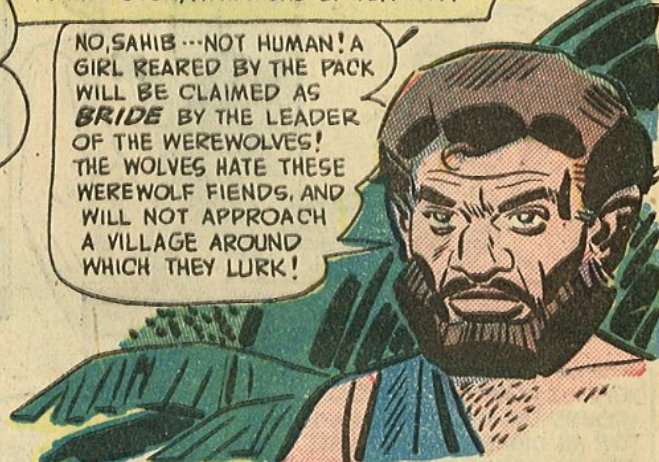
"SOMETHING KEPT TELLING ME I HAD MADE A MISTAKE...AND THE FEELING MOUNTED WHEN I CARRIED HER, STRUGGLING, TO THE NEAREST VILLAGE!"

TAKE HER BACK, SAHIB! LET HER BE CLAIMED BY HIM WHOSE MARK IS UPON HER!



YOU MEAN YOU'RE WILLING TO SEE THE LITTLE WRETCH STAY WITH WOLVES? IF SHE BEARS A MARK, IT'S FROM HUNGER AND PRIVATION...AND I'M GOING TO DO SOMETHING ABOUT IT! IT'S A DUTY...A DUTY TO A FELLOW HUMAN!

"HOW MANY TIMES BEFORE HAD I LAUGHED AT SUPERSTITION...ONLY TO LISTEN NOW, IN THE PANTING DUSK, WITH A JAB OF TERROR?"



NO, SAHIB...NOT HUMAN! A GIRL REARED BY THE PACK WILL BE CLAIMED AS BRIDE BY THE LEADER OF THE WEREWOLVES! THE WOLVES HATE THESE WEREWOLF FIENDS, AND WILL NOT APPROACH A VILLAGE AROUND WHICH THEY LURK!

"I'VE THOUGHT IT OVER FOR A WEEK...KNOWING HOW DEEPLY ROOTED THE WEREWOLF LEGEND IS...AND YET THRUSTING IT OUT OF MY MIND WHENEVER I LOOK INTO THE CHILD'S QUESTIONING EYES! NOW THAT SHE HAS BEGUN TO TRUST ME, I HAVE NO CHOICE...SHE HAS BOTH A CURSE AND THE MEMORY OF A BRUTE EXISTENCE TO OUTGROW...BUT I WILL TAKE HER BACK TO THE STATES AS MY DAUGHTER...AND I WILL CALL HER CANISA..."



WOLVES...GOOD LORD...NO WONDER THE POOR OLD DEVIL DIDN'T WANT HER TALKING ABOUT THEM! AND AS FOR THAT WERE-WOLF NONSENSE...





AS ONE SHAGGY
SHADOW FOLLOWS
ANOTHER ACROSS
THE WALL--



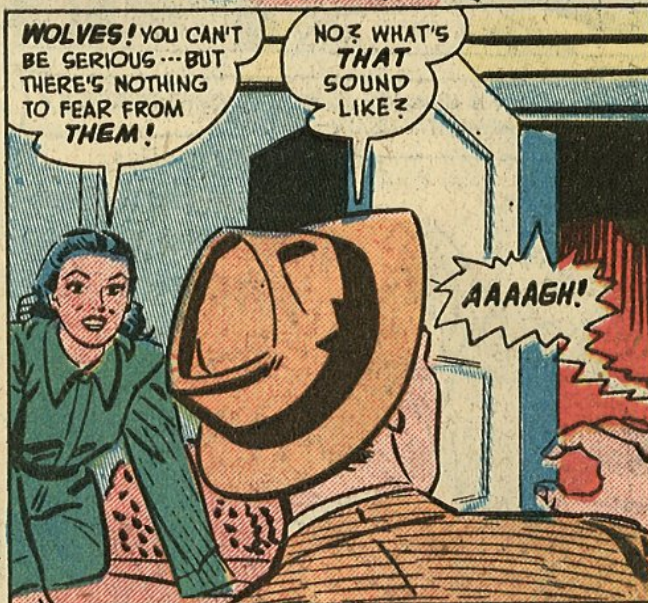
FOR A MOMENT, I THOUGHT
MY IMAGINATION'S HOPPED
UP BY WHAT I READ--BUT
THAT CREEP IN THE CAPE IS
**OPENING THE FRONT
DOOR!** THEY'RE AFTER
SOMETHING--SOMETHING
THEY'RE SURE THEY'LL
FIND HERE--
CANISA!



A MOMENT LATER--

GOOD
HEAVENS...
WHAT ARE
YOU DOING
HERE AT
THIS
HOUR?

MONEY--THIS IS NO
TIME FOR EXPLANATIONS!
WOLVES--DEMONS--**WHAT-
EVER** THEY ARE, **THEY'RE
COMING!**



WOLVES! YOU CAN'T
BE SERIOUS--BUT
THERE'S NOTHING
TO FEAR FROM
THEM!

NO? WHAT'S
THAT
SOUND
LIKE?

AAAAGH!



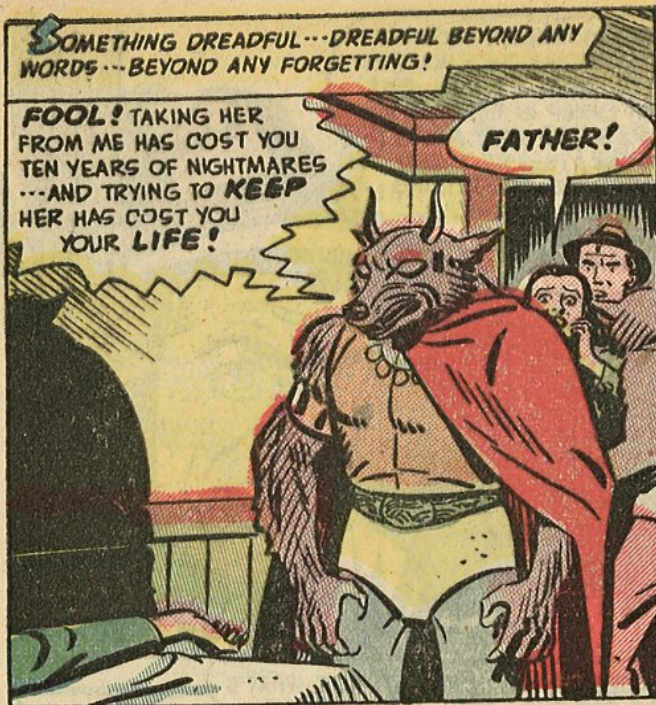
HAA HA HA!
DID YOU THINK YOU
COULD CHEAT **ONDOK**,
DR. WALKER--AFTER
HE WAITED TEN YEARS
TO CLAIM WHAT IS
HIS?

THAT VOICE!
IT'S **SPEAKING**--
BUT IT'S ALMOST
A GROWL--THE
SOUND OF A
BEAST!

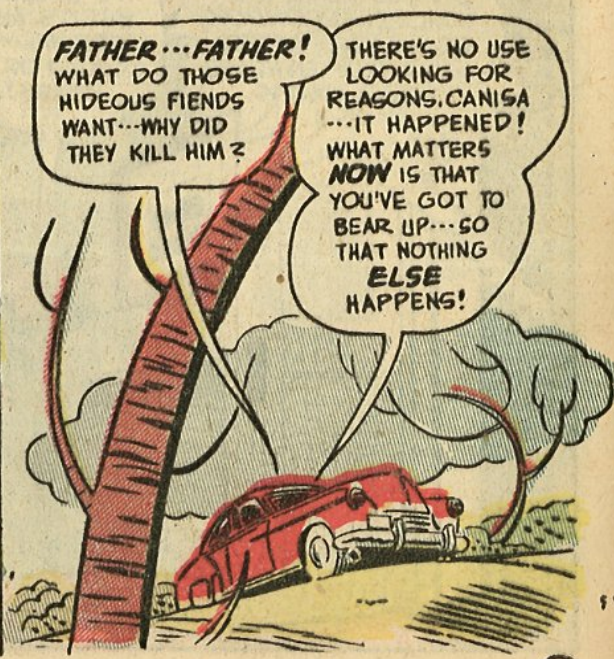
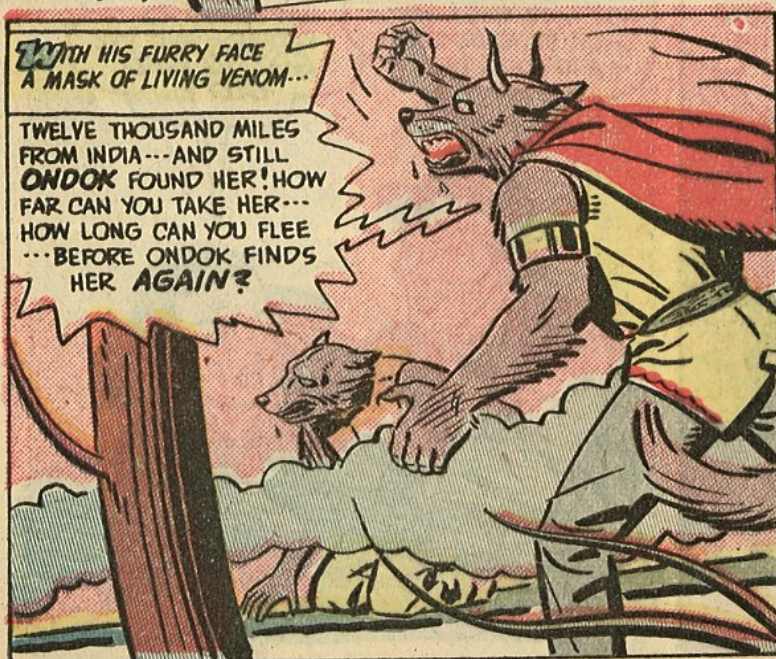


OR A **WOLF?**
CANISA, YOU'D BETTER
NOT FACE THIS! GET
BACK TO YOUR ROOM
--AND LOCK THE
DOOR!

NO! SOMETHING
DREADFUL HAS
HAPPENED TO
FATHER--AND I'VE
**GOT TO FIND
OUT!**



Then...WITH A HOWLING PURSUIT ECHOING THROUGH A CORRIDOR LADEN WITH DEATH---



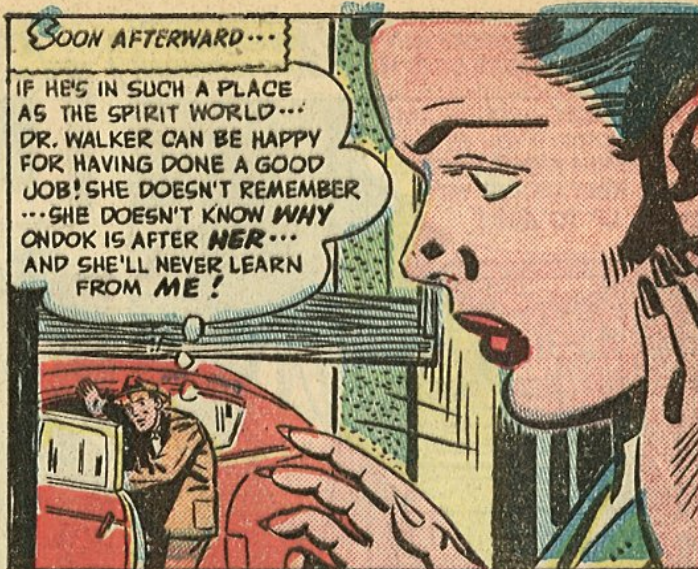
THEN IT **WASN'T**
JUST A CHANCE OUTBURST
OF EVIL? THOSE CREATURES
REALLY **ARE** SEARCHING
... FOR **ME**?

HONEY...IT'S WILD,
AND CRAZY, AND FAN-
TASTIC...BUT THAT'S
THE WAY IT STACKS
UP! FINDING A WAY TO
FORESTALL THOSE CREEPS
IS GOING TO KEEP ME
BUSY FOR THE REST OF
THE NIGHT...AND MEAN-
WHILE, I WANT YOU TO
STAY PUT AT MY
PLACE!



SOON AFTERWARD...

IF HE'S IN SUCH A PLACE
AS THE SPIRIT WORLD...
DR. WALKER CAN BE HAPPY
FOR HAVING DONE A GOOD
JOB! SHE DOESN'T REMEMBER
...SHE DOESN'T KNOW **WHY**
ONOK IS AFTER **HER**...
AND SHE'LL NEVER LEARN
FROM **ME**!

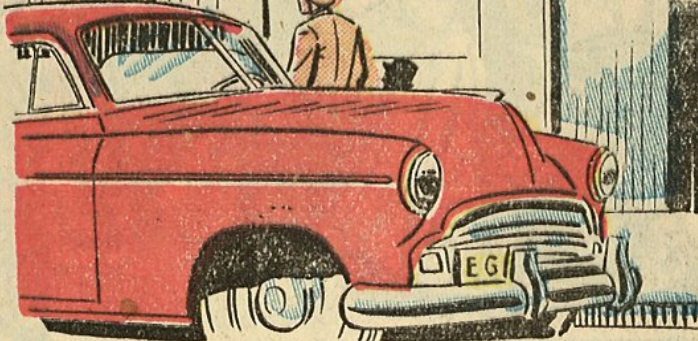


WOLVES RUNNING WILD IN INDIA...AND WERE-
WOLVES STALKING AROUND **HERE**! I WAS
LOOKING FOR THE ANSWER TO THAT WAVE OF
MAN-EATING WHEN I TALKED TO ROY TODAY...
AND I'VE FOUND IT IN DR. WALKER'S JOURNAL!
THE WOLVES ARE FREE TO RAID VILLAGES,
NOW...**BECAUSE THE WEREWOLVES**
HAVE LEFT INDIA TO HUNT DOWN
CANISA!



HERALD
BUILDING

CAN I PUT ANY
STOCK IN WHAT THAT
NATIVE SAID...THAT
WOLVES HATE THESE
FIENDS? IT'LL MEAN
TAKING A HAIR-RAISING
CHANCE... **BUT I'M**
GOING AHEAD
WITH IT!



YOU MUST BE CLEAN
WORN OUT AFTER KEEP-
ING ME HERE ALL NIGHT
WAITING FOR A ROUTINE
STORY, PAL! IS THERE
ANY LITTLE FAVOR YOU'D
LIKE TO ASK BEFORE
YOU'RE **FIRED**?

YEP! I WANT YOU TO
LEND ME AN ARTIST TO
MAKE A SKETCH I CAN
TAKE TO A COSTUME
COMPANY...AND **THEN**
I WANT YOU TO BOOK
ME WITH THE CITY
ENGINEER FIRST
THING IN THE MORN-
ING!



THE FOLLOWING NIGHT...

IT DOESN'T
MATTER ANY
LONGER **WHY**
THEY'RE COMING
...IF I ONLY KNEW
WHEN!

SUPPOSE YOU LET **ME**
WORRY ABOUT THAT? TRY
TO GET SOME REST,
CANISA...AND REMEMBER
...YOU PROMISED TO
COUNT ON ME NO
MATTER **WHAT**
HAPPENS!



SLOW THOUGHTS MERGE WITH SLOW HOURS...AND THEN...THE DARKNESS STIRS WITH A SLOW APPROACH!

O.K., **ONDOK**...YOU'VE KEPT YOUR WORD...YOU'VE LED THEM HERE! **NOW, BUSTER**...THE REST OF THE WAY IS UP TO **ME!**



A MOMENT LATER...

OH!

KEEP YOUR CHIN UP, HONEY...IT'S **ME!** HERE'S WHERE YOU'VE GOT TO PUT A BRAKE ON YOUR NERVES...**BECAUSE WE'RE GOING TO FACE THEM!**



Then...AS THE HIDEOUS PROWLERS DRAW CLOSER...

ONDOK! I PROWLED AHEAD, MASTER...FOR THE HONOR OF CAPTURING YOUR **WEREWOLF BRIDE!**

ANH... LET ME CLAIM HER NOW! LET ME STIR HER MEMORY OF A FORGOTTEN PAST...LET ME REMIND HER OF **THE MARK OF ONDOK!**

WE MUST REACH A PLACE OF SAFETY FIRST! FOLLOW ME, **ONDOK!** TONIGHT I BROUGHT YOU **HER**...AND TONIGHT I WILL BRING YOU BOTH TO A HAVEN **WHERE HORROR CAN RULE!**



THROUGH THE QUIET STREETS...WITH SHADED WINDOWS STARING BLANKLY AT THE SHAGGY WAYFARERS...

THIS IS THE WAY, **ONDOK!** THERE IS HOLLOW SILENCE BELOW...AND COLD SLIME GLISTENING IN THE MURKY MILES!



A HALF-HOUR LATER...

I...I'M TRYING TO KEEP MY PROMISE, LARRY...BUT MY KNEES ARE BEGINNING TO BUCKLE!

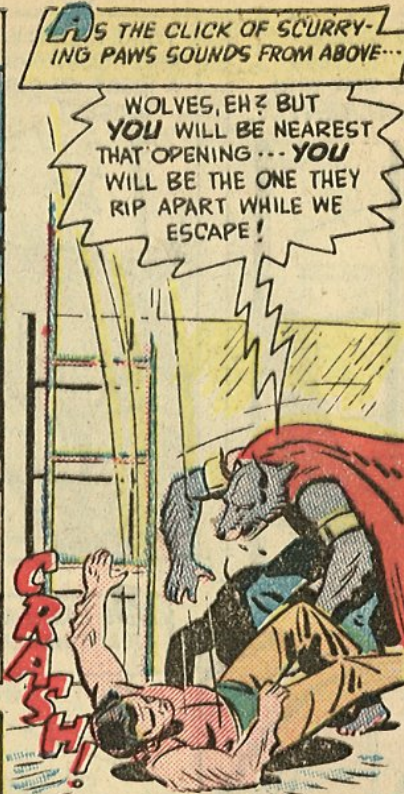
HONEY...YOU'VE GOT TO STEEL YOURSELF FOR THE PAYOFF! IT WON'T BE LONG NOW...JUST A FEW MORE YARDS!







I PROMISED TO BRING YOU TO A LAIR, ONDOK... AND THAT'S WHAT YOU'RE GETTING! YOU'RE DIRECTLY UNDER A PARTICULAR SPOT IN THE ZOO... **THE WOLF DEN!**



AS THE CLICK OF SCURRYING PAWS SOUNDS FROM ABOVE...

WOLVES, EH? BUT **YOU** WILL BE NEAREST THAT OPENING... **YOU** WILL BE THE ONE THEY RIP APART WHILE WE ESCAPE!



IN THE NEXT INSTANT...

GARRRGH!

NOT A CHANCE, CREEP! NO WOLF'S GOING TO BOTHER WITH **HUMAN** PREY... WHEN IT COMES FACE TO FACE WITH THE CREATURES THAT HAVE BEEN ITS **DEADLIEST RIVALS** SINCE TIME BEGAN!



IN A FURRY VORTEX OF VIOLENCE...

AAAAGH!

GRRRRR!



LARRY, I CAN'T STAND IT... ONE HORROR AFTER ANOTHER!

IT'S JUST ABOUT OVER, HONEY! ONDOK'S BEEN TORN APART... AND NOW THAT HIS SPELL IS ENDED, THE WEREWOLVES ARE CHANGING INTO HARMLESS **PHANTOMS!**



AND THE WOLVES? I'M NOT AFRAID OF THEM, LARRY... BUT IF THEY EVER GET LOOSE...

YOU'RE AFRAID THERE'LL BE A FRANTIC WOLF HUNT, EH? DON'T WORRY... I'VE ARRANGED TO HAVE BAITED BOX TRAPS SCATTERED AROUND... AND THEY'LL BE SAFELY BACK IN THEIR DEN IN NO TIME!



SEVERAL MONTHS LATER...

DARLING, IT'LL BE WONDERFUL TO HAVE FATHER'S BOOKS IN **OUR** LIBRARY WHEN WE'RE MARRIED... BUT I CAN'T SEEM TO FIND HIS JOURNAL FOR 1941!

WHO KNOWS, CANISA... MAYBE THAT'S THE WAY **HE** WANTED IT! A BLANK... A GAP... SOMETHING THAT FLAMED IN HORROR FOR A LITTLE WHILE... AND WENT UP IN SMOKE!

THE END!
(10)

"U.S." ROYAL

WITH HIS
JET-PROPELLED BIKE

"BEATING THE
BEACH BARRAGE"

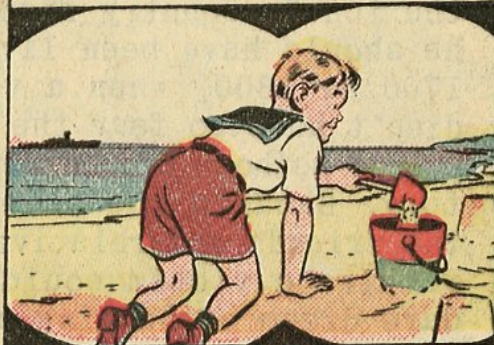


U.S. ROYAL
AND THE
BIKE CLUB
BOYS WATCH
FROM A SAFE
DISTANCE AS
A GROUP OF
NAVY
DESTROYERS
AND
CRUISERS
STEAM IN FOR
FIRING
PRACTICE...



IN A FEW MOMENTS NOW,
THE SHIPS WILL MOVE IN
AT FLANK SPEED AND LAY
DOWN A BARRAGE ON
THAT DESERTED SHORE...

BUT SUDDENLY, THROUGH HIS GLASSES,
ROYAL SEES THAT THE SHORE IS
NOT QUITE DESERTED!



YOU FELLAS BIKE BACK TO THE
NAVAL STATION FAST AND GET
THEM TO WARN THOSE SHIPS!
I'M GOING AFTER THAT KID
IN THE
MEANTIME...



WITH SUPER JET-SPEED, ROYAL
STREAKS DOWN TO THE TARGET
AREA AND--



PHEWW! LUCKY FOR US-I MADE
IT, JUNIOR-- 'CAUSE IT LOOKS
LIKE THE BOYS WERE
TOO LATE!



JUST AS WE
GOT TO THE
RADIO-ROOM,
WE HEARD THE
FIRST SALVO!

YOU DID ALL
RIGHT, BOYS... AND
A TERRIBLE TRAGEDY
WAS AVOIDED --
THANKS
TO ROYAL!

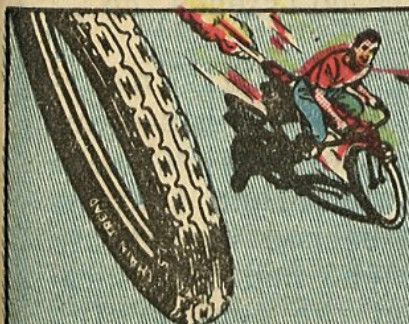
ROYAL BIKE TIRES,
YOU MEAN... THAT'S
WHERE THE SPEED
CAME IN!



FELLAS, FOR REAL SPEED, YOU
WANT A TIRE THAT COMBINES
SAFETY AND EASY PEDALING. TRY
U.S. ROYALS, WITH THE SPECIAL
BUILT-IN SKID CHAIN. THERE'S
EXTRA MILEAGE IN
THEM, TOO!



SPLIT-SECOND STOPS...
FIRM FOOTING... AND PERFECT
CONTROL ARE AT YOUR FOOT-
TIPS WHEN YOU'RE RIDING ON
U.S. ROYAL BIKE TIRES, WITH
THE SPECIAL BUILT-IN SKID
CHAIN. BE SURE YOUR NEXT
TIRES ARE ROYALS!



U.S. ROYAL BIKE TIRES



Products of
UNITED STATES RUBBER COMPANY

Vampire's VICTIM

THE TIMES just weren't right for vampires, Rudolf thought bitterly as he drove his car up the lonely country road. Yes, he should have been living in 1700 or 1800, when a vampire didn't have to fear the modern police methods of the 20th century. Back in the olden days, the friends and relatives of a vampire's victim would never dare dream of hunting out the vampire and seeking vengeance... instead, they'd merely bolt their doors and cower in terror in the darkness, praying that the vampire would not pick *them* as his next victims. But when policemen of 1951 came across the white corpse of a vampire's victim, all the resources of modern science and criminology were brought to bear on the case...and the poor vampire had to flee and skulk in his hideout like a common, despicable thief!

Even Rudolf, the most cautious and cunning vampire of recent years, was now a fugitive from the police of eighteen states. His fingerprints, footprints, even teeth-marks, were on file in practically every police headquarters. That was why Rudolf was now driving along the lonely country lane looking for a potential victim. No city or town was safe for him now, not with all those "WANTED" circulars flooding the centers of crime enforcement.

Yes, from now on, he knew, he would have to lead a fugitive's life, living only in the thinly-populated rural areas, where the local police were less informed

and efficient than their city colleagues. And he'd have to be very careful about his choice of victims...he'd have to rely on hoboes, wanderers, hitch-hikers...those without families or friends who would raise a hue and cry upon the disappearance or death of his victims.

Rudolf's burning, hungry eyes lit up suddenly as he spied the hitch-hiker down the road, thumbing for a ride. It was a girl... lovely and healthy-looking, with dark features and a flashing smile that showed strong white teeth.

"Hop in," Rudolf said as he pulled to a halt in front of her. "Visiting friends or relatives around here?"

The girl laughed, charmingly. "Oh, no...I have no friends or family...I'm just wandering around the country! But how about you...do you live around here?"

Rudolf smiled, an exultance welling up within his chest as he knew he had found the perfect victim...someone whose disappearance would not be noticed, whose death would not be mourned!

"No," he said, "I guess I'm a wanderer, just like you...we have at least that much in common. No family, no friends, no... Yaaaghhh!"

As the girl struck like a serpent, Rudolf knew, in his dying moment, that they had one *more* thing in common...and that *he* was about to become the victim of a vampire who had been wandering around the countryside for the same purpose!

"True" GHOSTS of HISTORY

EARLY IN 1918, THE GERMAN ARMIES MADE A LAST DESPERATE ATTACK NEAR THE SMALL BELGIAN TOWN OF BETHUNE...AND THE ALLIED LINES WERE SPLIT WIDE OPEN! ONLY A SMALL SQUAD OF BRITISH RIFLE-MEN WERE LEFT BEHIND TO STEM THE VAST HUN HORDES...

The GHOSTLY ARMY of BETHUNE

WE CAN'T STOP 'EM... BUT WE'LL GO DOWN FIGHTING! FIX BAYONETS!



BUT SUDDENLY, AN ARMY OF GHOSTLY CAVALRY SEEMED TO APPEAR FROM NOWHERE IN FRONT OF THE GERMANS...AN ARMY CLAD IN WHITE, ALL MOUNTED ON WHITE HORSES WHOSE LEGS NEVER TOUCHED THE GROUND!

HIMMEL... WAS IST?



WHILE THE KAISER'S MEN GAPED IN PETRIFIED ASTONISHMENT, THE GHOSTLY CAVALRY CHARGED!

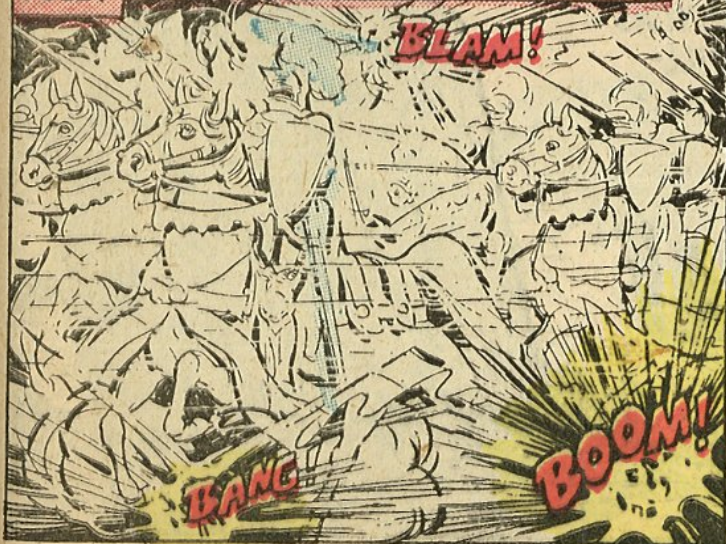


FINALLY REGAINING THEIR SENSES, THE GERMANS POURED A TERRIFIC CONCENTRATION OF SHELL AND SHOT INTO THE RANKS OF THE GHOSTLY RIDERS...BUT NOT A WHITE HORSEMAN FELL!

BLAM!

BOOM!

BANG



THEN THE PRIDE OF THE KAISER'S ARMIES TURNED TAIL AND FLED IN SHEER TERROR...AND THE ALLIES WERE SAVED BY THE GHOSTLY ARMY OF BETHUNE! WERE THEY A FIGMENT OF THE FOG...OR...?



The END

Extra! GOOD NEWS!

"ADVENTURES INTO THE UNKNOWN!"

...NOW PUBLISHED **MONTHLY!**



YOU'VE BESEECHED US, BOMBARDED US WITH REQUESTS TO PUBLISH MORE FREQUENTLY... AND NOW WE'VE DONE IT! YOU'LL BE ABLE TO BUY AMERICA'S FAVORITE MAGAZINE OF THE SUPERNATURAL EVERY MONTH NOW... WHICH MEANS TWICE AS MUCH GOOD READING! TWICE AS MANY THRILLS AND CHILLS FROM THE CHALLENGING COMICS MAGAZINE THAT'S TAKEN AMERICA BY STORM! TWICE AS MANY GASPS FROM A GRIPPING GALAXY OF GHOSTS, VAMPIRES, WEREWOLVES, ZOMBIES... PRESENTED EACH MONTH FOR YOUR ENTERTAINMENT!

Read THIS GREAT MAGAZINE FOR OUT-OF-THIS-WORLD WONDERS SUCH AS YOU'VE NEVER SEEN... FOR A THRILL-TIME EXPERIENCE YOU'LL REMEMBER FOREVER! IT'S ALL IN...

"ADVENTURES INTO THE UNKNOWN!"

NOW PUBLISHED
MONTHLY.

10¢ ON ALL
STANDS



The MONSTER DOLL

I'VE COME FOR YOU,
MY LOVE! AND I'LL
GIVE YOU THE GIFT
OF ETERNAL
LIFE!

Alice McLane...
HANGED FOR
MURDER...
OCT. 17, 1853. MAY
GOD HAVE MERCY
ON HER SOUL.

OVER THE YEARS, A SHADOW
FELL ACROSS THE LIVES OF
MANY MEN... THE SINISTER,
SWAYING SHADOW OF A HANGED
WOMAN! ALWAYS IN ITS WAKE
CAME MADNESS AND DEATH!
WAS SHE SHADOW OR SUB-
STANCE? DID SHE LIVE... OR
WAS SHE SOME DREAD CREA-
TURE FROM OUT OF THE
UNKNOWN? IT REMAINED
FOR ONE MAN... TO HIS UN-
DYING SORROW... TO DIS-
COVER THE TRUTH ABOUT
THE MONSTER DOLL!

OUR STORY BEGINS IN 1951... THE OFFICE
OF THE GOVERNOR OF AN EASTERN STATE...

SO... FELLOWS PUT THE BLANK
PARDON ON MY DESK AFTER
ALL! AFTER I TOLD HIM
PLAINLY THAT I HAVE NO
INTENTION OF PARDON-
ING THAT KILLER!

FELLOWS!
WILL YOU
STEP IN
HERE,
PLEASE?



FELLOWS! AS
CHAIRMAN OF THE
STATE PAROLE BOARD,
YOU SHOULD KNOW
THAT WHEN I REFUSE
A PARDON I MEAN
IT! THIS MAN IS
GUILTY AS...

MAYBE,
GOVERNOR!
BUT I'VE GOT
SOMETHING
HERE I
WANT YOU
TO SEE!



I THOUGHT PRESCOTT WAS GUILTY
...TILL I READ **THIS**! NOW I'M
NOT SO SURE! I THINK YOU
SHOULD LISTEN, SIR!

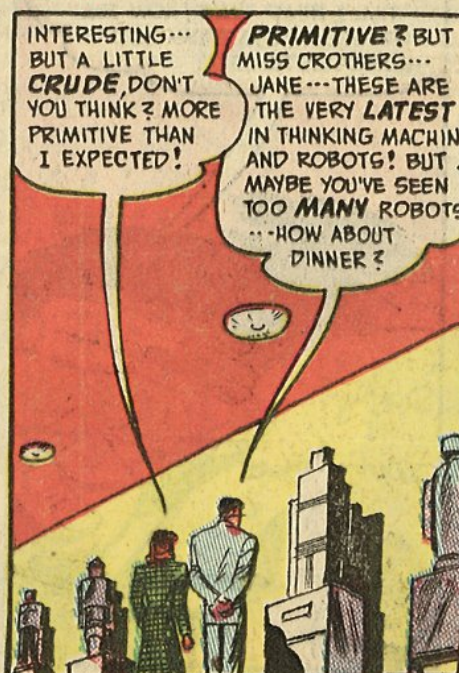
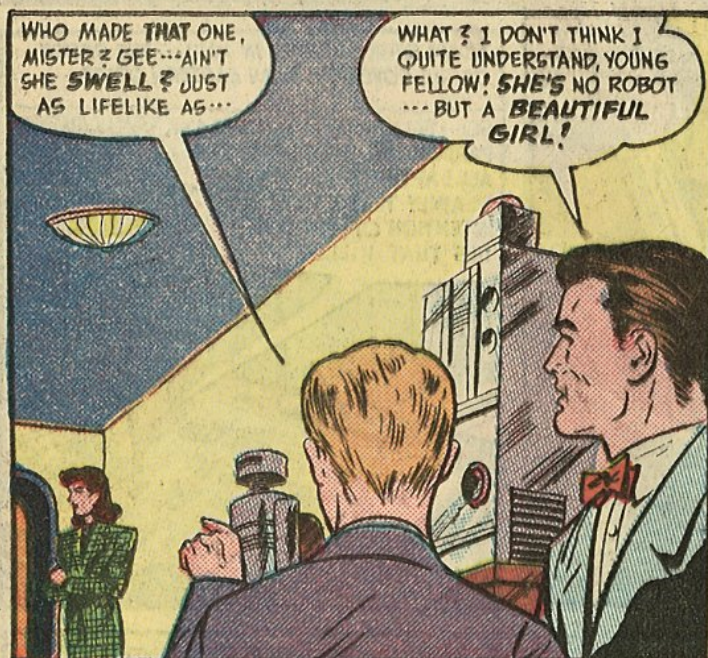
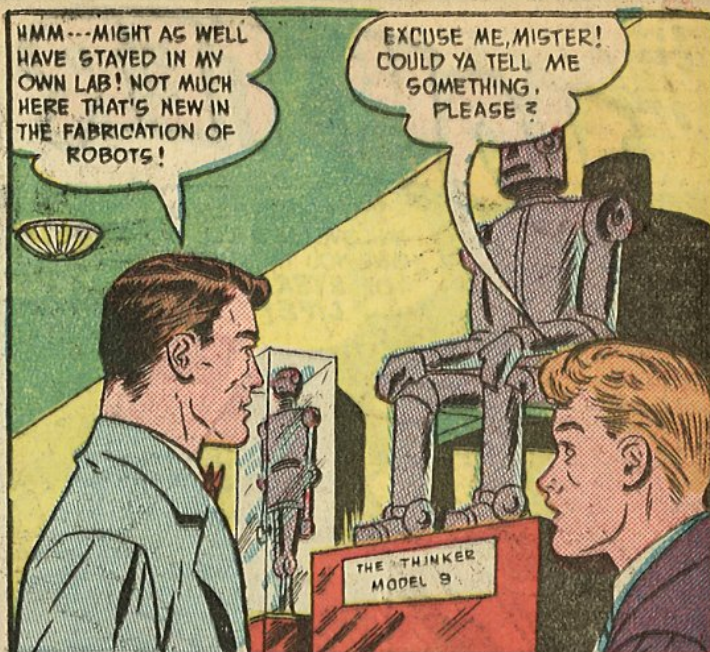
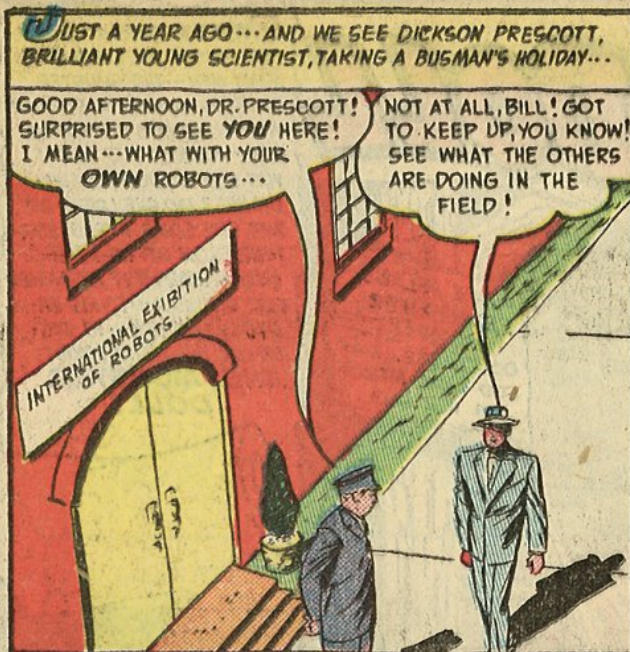
Diary
of
Dickson Prescott



WELL... NATURALLY
I WANT TO GIVE
THE MAN EVERY
CHANCE! BUT
HURRY... HE'S TO
DIE IN AN
HOUR!

THE WHOLE STORY
IS IN THIS DIARY, SIR!
I'VE INVESTIGATED IT,
AND IT'S UTTERLY
FANTASTIC... BUT IT
MIGHT BE **TRUE**!
LET'S GO BACK A
YEAR IN THE
ENTRIES...





A FEW WEEKS LATER, DICKSON PRESCOTT AND JANE CROTHERS WERE MARRIED! AFTER THE HONEYMOON---

IT'S BACK TO WORK FOR ME, DARLING! AFTER ALL, THE CYBERNETICS FOUNDATION EXPECTS RESULTS ON THE ROBOTS I DEVISE!

AND AT LAST I GET TO GEE THIS MYSTERIOUS MOUNTAIN LABORATORY OF YOURS!

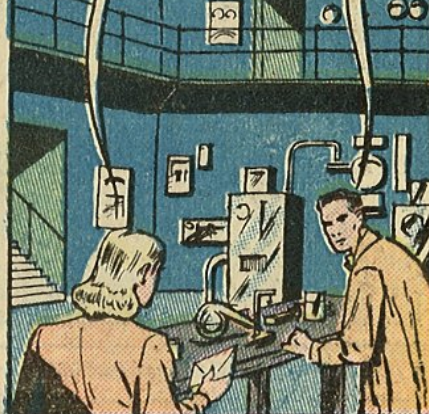
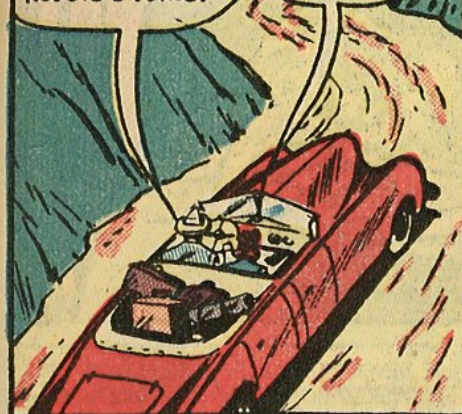
DOCTOR PRESCOTT! DICKSON! OH, I'M SO GLAD YOU'RE BACK!

HELLO, SUE! THIS IS MY WIFE, JANE!

DICKSON TALKS ABOUT YOU ALL THE TIME, SUE! SAYS HE COULDN'T RUN THE LAB WITHOUT HIS IN-VALUABLE ASSISTANT!

I ALMOST FORGOT TO TELL YOU, DICKSON! THIS LETTER CAME SOME TIME AGO! IT LOOKS IMPORTANT--- BUT I DIDN'T WANT TO DISTURB YOUR HONEYMOON!

LET'S SEE IT, SUE!



WHY---IT'S FROM ALAN MACCAMPBELL IN SCOTLAND! AND LISTEN TO *THIS!* HE THINKS HE'S DISCOVERED A CLUE TO A **ROBOT MADE A HUNDRED YEARS AGO!**

A---A HUNDRED YEARS? IS THAT **POSSIBLE?**

ALAN'S TALKING ABOUT THE BULMERE ROBOT--- BUT THAT'S ONLY A MYTH! STILL, I'M BETTING HE HAS **SOMETHING!** I'LL HAVE TO GO TO GLASGOW AT ONCE!

BUT, DICKSON, YOUR **WIFE!** YOU CAN'T JUST RUN OFF AND---



THAT NIGHT---

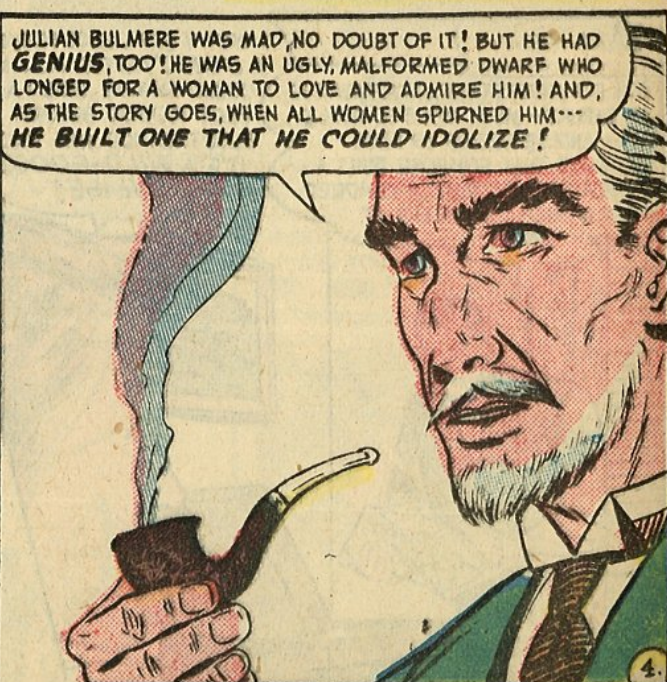
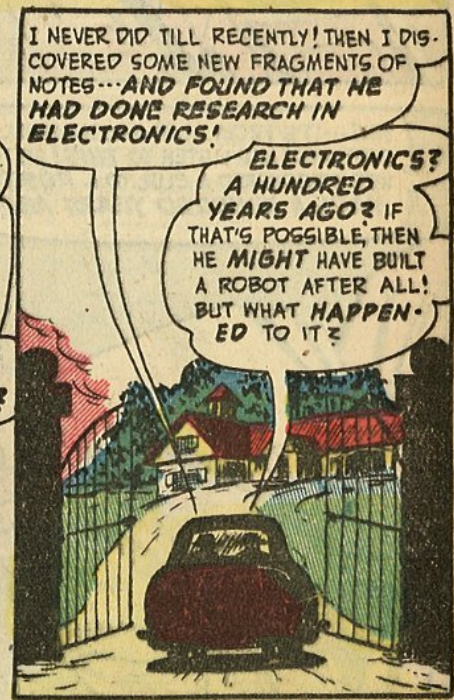
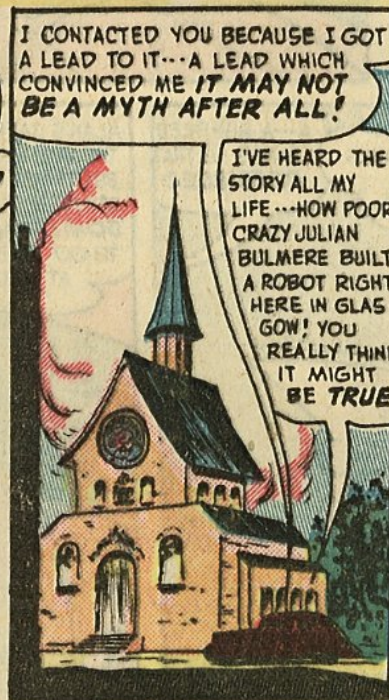
YOU DO UNDERSTAND, JANE? ALAN IS AN EXPERT---MUCH MORE SO THAN I AM---AND HE SEEMS TO HAVE EVIDENCE THAT SOMEONE BUILT A **PERFECT ROBOT** A HUNDRED YEARS AGO! I MUST GO AT ONCE!

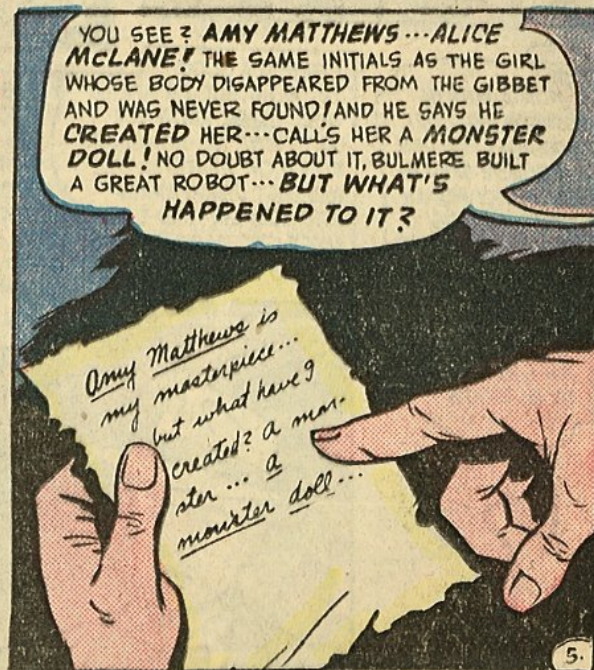
I WON'T SAY I LIKE IT, DARLING! I **DON'T!** AFTER ALL, HOW COULD ANYONE BUILD A PERFECT ROBOT BEFORE ELECTRONICS WAS KNOWN? IT'S A **WILD-GOOSE CHASE!**

HOWEVER---GO CHASE YOUR WILD GOOSE AND THEN HURRY BACK TO ME! MEANTIME, I'LL TRY MY BEST TO LEARN TO LIKE THAT FUNNY LITTLE LAB AGGISTANT OF YOURS!

SUE? OH, YOU TWO WILL GET ALONG JUST FINE! SHE'S A TREASURE!







"THERE WERE OTHER PROOFS... EYEWITNESS REPORTS THAT BULMERE BEGAN TO BE SEEN WITH A GIRL WHO, APPARENTLY, HAD APPEARED FROM NOWHERE..."

SEE! THAT UGLY BULMERE HAS A SWEETHEART AT LAST!

THE NASTY LITTLE CREATURE! HOW CAN SHE ABIDE HIM?

I WONDER WHO SHE IS?



"THEN CAME RUMORS OF QUARRELS, BITTERNESS..."

YOU... YOU FILTHY LITTLE CREATURE! I HATE YOU... AND I'M GOING TO LEAVE YOU!

DON'T TRY IT, MY DEAR! YOU'RE MINE... ALL MINE, AND I'LL NEVER LET YOU GO! YOU KNOW WHAT I CAN DO TO YOU IF I CHOOSE!



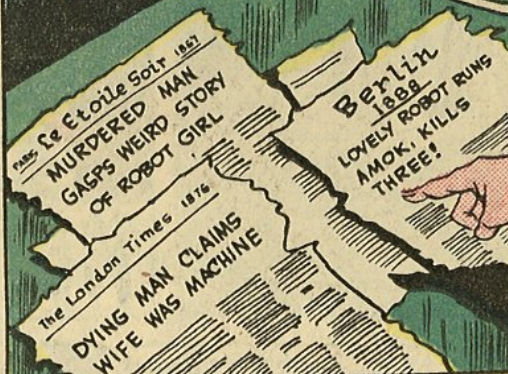
"AND THEN... TRAGEDY! FOR BULMERE WAS FOUND DEAD ONE DAY... MURDERED!"

LOOKS AS THOUGH THE GIRL TRIED TO BURN ALL HIS PAPERS, SIR! NOT A VERY GOOD JOB OF IT, THOUGH!

NEVER MIND THE PAPERS, M'LAD! FINDING THAT GIRL IS THE THING! AND SHE'S VANISHED LIKE A GHOST!



SO THERE IT IS, DICKSON! EYE-WITNESS ACCOUNTS, BULMERE'S CHARRED NOTES, MY DISCOVERY THAT HE WAS THE EARLIEST ELECTRONIC EXPERT... ALL POINT TO THE FACT THAT HE REALLY BUILT A GREAT ROBOT... A **MONSTER DOLL**! IT DISAPPEARED... BUT THROUGH THE YEARS, IT'S LEFT A TRAIL! LOOK!



1888 WAS THE LAST REPORT... AND THEN THE TRAIL PETERED OUT! I SUPPOSE THAT MURDEROUS ROBOT HAS LONG SINCE CEASED TO EXIST... BUT IF YOU WANT TO TAKE UP THE HUNT FOR IT...

DO I! I'VE GOT A STRANGE FEELING THAT, SOMEWHERE, IT STILL EXISTS... AND I'LL TRACK DOWN BULMERE'S MONSTER DOLL IF IT'S THE LAST THING I DO!



FOR A MONTH DICKSON PRESCOTT DOGGEDLY PURSUED THE ELUSIVE SHADOW OF A DEADLY WOMAN ROBOT ACROSS EUROPE! BUT ALWAYS THE TRAIL ENDED IN A BLANK WALL! FINALLY, DISCOURAGED, HE GAVE UP THE HUNT, RETURNED TO GLASGOW...



I GAVE IT A GOOD TRY, ALAN, BUT I'M AFRAID WE'LL NEVER KNOW THE TRUTH NOW! THE WOMAN, OR ROBOT, OR WHATEVER SHE WAS, JUST DISAPPEARED INTO THIN AIR! AND I MUST GET BACK TO MY JOB AND WIFE!

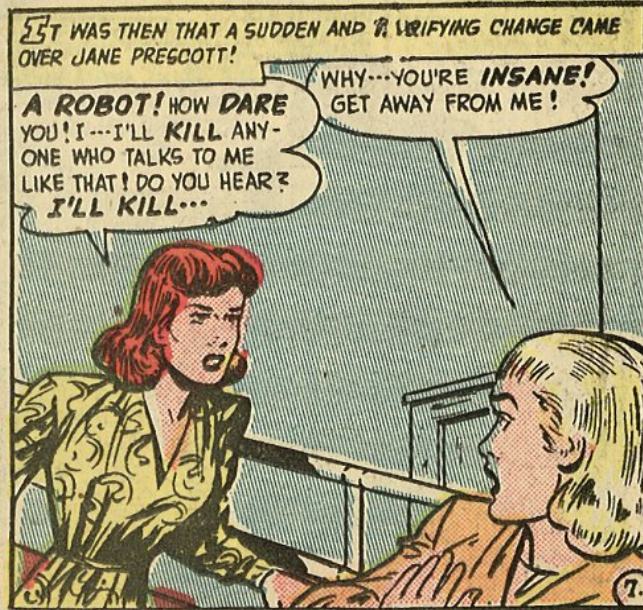
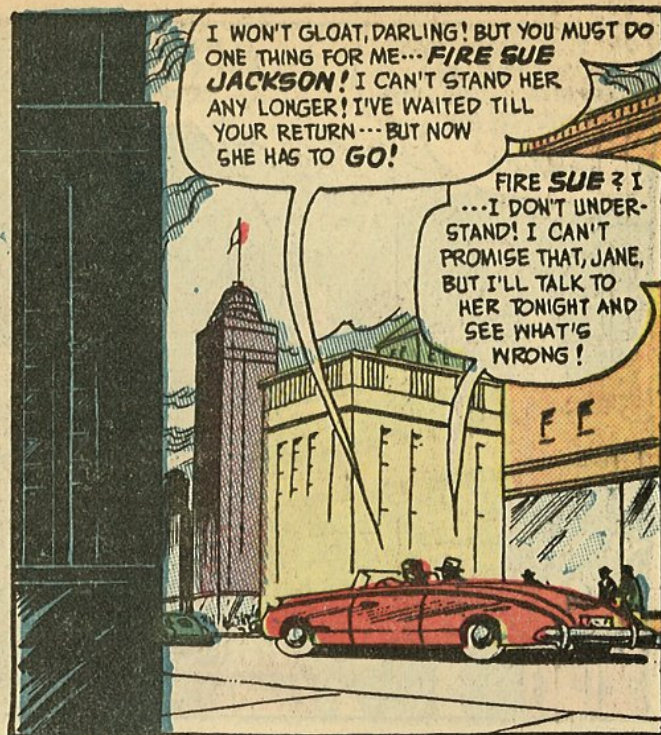
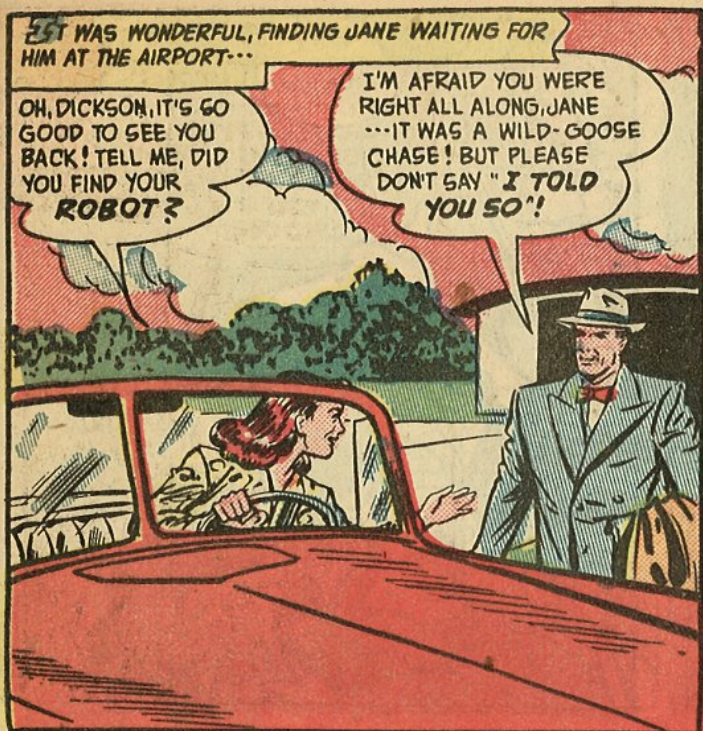
I SUPPOSE YOU'RE RIGHT! BUT IT'S MADDENING NOT TO FIND THE CONCRETE **PROOF** THAT BULMERE REALLY SUCCEEDED IN MAKING A ROBOT FROM A DEAD WOMAN! WELL, SHE STILL MAKES A GOOD STORY... THIS **MONSTER DOLL**!



THE MONSTER DOLL!

WHAT A CREATURE SHE MUST HAVE BEEN... IF SHE EVER EXISTED AT ALL! A ROBOT'S MACHINERY IN A WOMAN'S BODY! BULMERE WAS A GENIUS... IF HE DID IT!







GET AWAY? NO... I THINK I'LL DO IT NOW! AS I SHOULD HAVE DONE LONG AGO... WITH MY **BARE HANDS!**

NO! PLEASE... I'LL GO! DON'T...



OH! SHE'S... FALLEN!

IN A FRENZY OF RAGE, JANE LUNGED... GLIPPED... AND...

AH-HHH...



SHE MAY BE... BADLY HURT! I'D BETTER CALL DICKSON AT THE CONFERENCE, THEN TAKE SOME X-RAYS ON OUR OWN MACHINE! THAT WILL SAVE TIME...



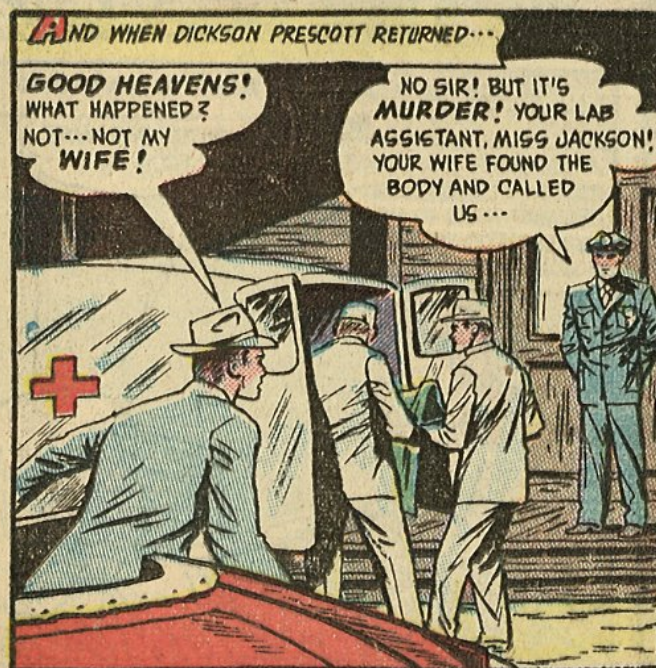
SUE SUMMONED PRESCOTT, THEN TOOK X-RAYS OF THE STILL UNCONSCIOUS WOMAN! BUT WHEN SHE EXAMINED THEM...

THERE MUST BE... SOME **MISTAKE!** THESE **CAN'T** BE THE PLATES... IT'S... TOO INCREDIBLE, TOO **HORRIBLE!** BUT WAIT A MINUTE! THIS WOULD **EXPLAIN** SO MUCH! THESE SHOW THAT...



BEHIND HER CAME A STEALTHY SOUND... THE LAST SHE EVER HEARD!

ARGH!



AND WHEN DICKSON PRESCOTT RETURNED...

GOOD HEAVENS! WHAT HAPPENED? NOT... NOT MY **WIFE!**

NO SIR! BUT IT'S **MURDER!** YOUR LAB ASSISTANT, MISS JACKSON! YOUR WIFE FOUND THE BODY AND CALLED US...



JANE! JANE, DARLING! WHAT...

OH, DICKSON! I'M SO GLAD YOU'RE HERE! IT WAS **TRAGIC, HORRIBLE!** I WAS ASLEEP UPSTAIRS AND HEARD A NOISE! WHEN I CAME DOWN, I FOUND HER **STRANGLER!**



DICKSON PRESCOTT WAS ARRESTED, ACCUSED OF MURDER! WHILE AWAITING TRIAL, HE SENT A CABLEGRAM---AND RECEIVED A STUNNING ANSWER!

ALAN MACCAMPBELL---DEAD OF A HEART ATTACK! THE ONE WITNESS WHO MIGHT HAVE SAVED ME!



AND AT HIS TRAIL---

YOU HAVE NOTHING TO SAY IN YOUR DEFENSE, MR. PRESCOTT?



HOW CAN I TELL THEM I MARRIED A ROBOT---AND THEN DESTROYED HER? THEY'D SEND ME TO THE INSANE ASYLUM---AND I'D RATHER DIE!

I'LL TELL YOU, GENTLEMEN, WHY THE PRISONER DOES NOT TALK! HE HAS NOTHING TO SAY! HE KNOWS HE IS GUILTY! I DEMAND THE EXTREME PENALTY!



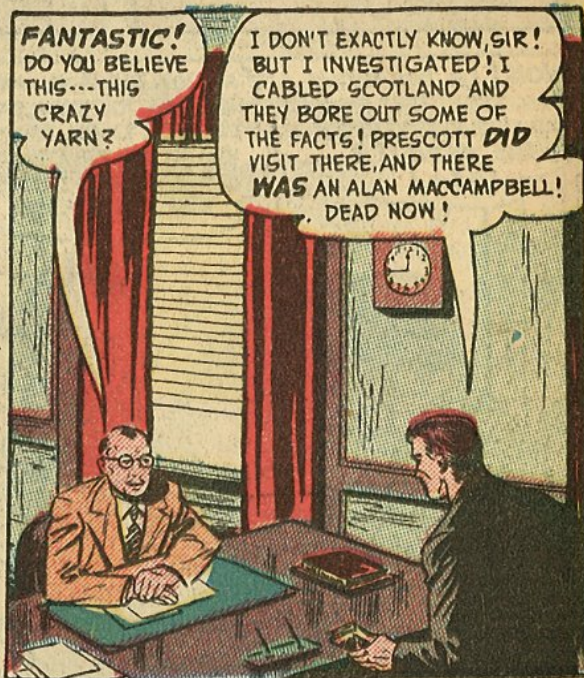
YOU HAVE BEEN FOUND GUILTY OF MURDER IN THE FIRST DEGREE! IT IS THEREFORE MY DUTY TO IMPOSE A SENTENCE OF DEATH ON YOU! YOU WILL BE TAKEN FROM THIS PLACE AND---



HOW STRANGE ALL THIS SEEMS! SOME JUDGE MUST HAVE SAID ALMOST THE SAME WORDS TO ALICE McLANE---A CENTURY AGO, BEFORE BULMERE RESURRECTED HER AS THE MONSTER DOLL! NOW THEY'RE HANGING ME FOR HER DEATH!

THAT WAS THE STORY OF DICKSON PRESCOTT, AS TOLD TO THE GOVERNOR BY THE CHAIRMAN OF THE STATE PAROLE BOARD! WHEN THE STORY WAS ENDED, THERE WAS A SHORT, TENSE SILENCE IN THE GOVERNOR'S OFFICE! THEN---

FANTASTIC! DO YOU BELIEVE THIS---THIS CRAZY YARN?

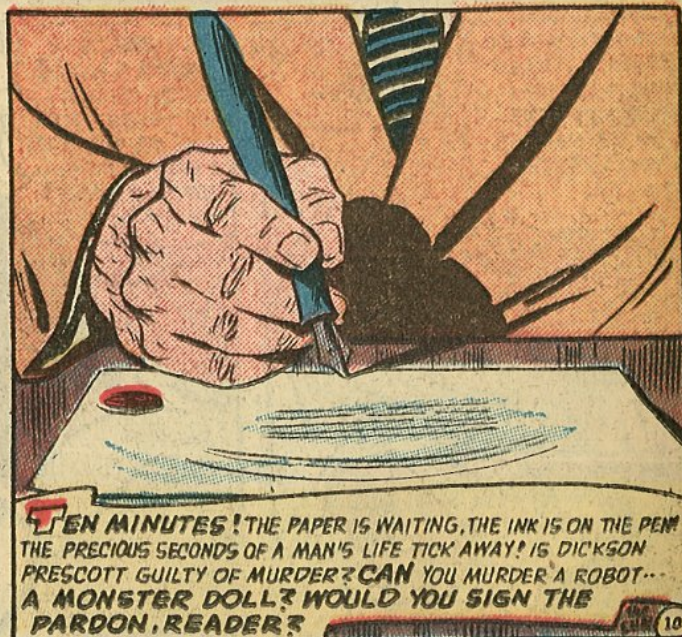


I DON'T EXACTLY KNOW, SIR! BUT I INVESTIGATED! I CABLED SCOTLAND AND THEY BORE OUT SOME OF THE FACTS! PRESCOTT DID VISIT THERE, AND THERE WAS AN ALAN MACCAMPBELL! DEAD NOW!



BLAST IT, FELLOWS! DO YOU REALIZE THE LEGAL QUESTIONS ALL THIS RAISES? IF PRESCOTT IS INNOCENT, I CAN'T LET HIM DIE. OF COURSE! I'LL ADMIT I'M STUMPED!

BETTER MAKE UP YOUR MIND, SIR! HE HAS ONLY TEN MINUTES LEFT!



TEN MINUTES! THE PAPER IS WAITING, THE INK IS ON THE PEN! THE PRECIOUS SECONDS OF A MAN'S LIFE TICK AWAY! IS DICKSON PRESCOTT GUILTY OF MURDER? CAN YOU MURDER A ROBOT---A MONSTER DOLL? WOULD YOU SIGN THE PARDON, READER?

Announcing

OPERATION: PERIL



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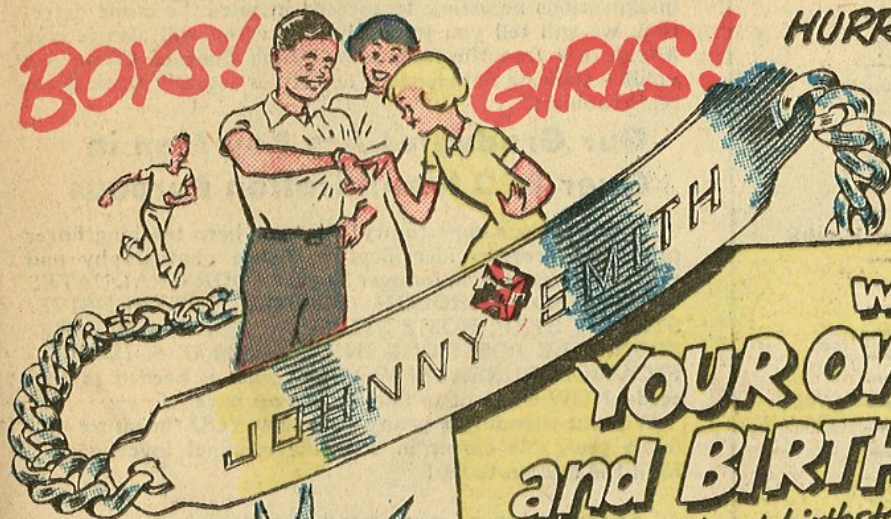
10¢ ON
ALL
STANDS

BOYS!

GIRLS!

**HURRY! - BE THE FIRST TO OWN
THIS BEAUTIFUL**

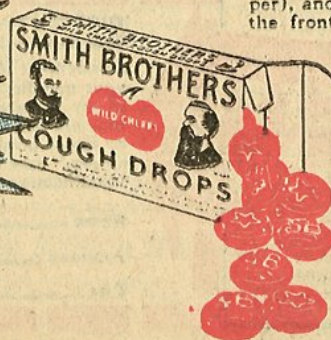
**IDENTIFICATION
BRACELET!**



**with
YOUR OWN NAME
and BIRTHSTONE!**
(or without birthstone, if you prefer)

**ONLY
25¢**

**WITH FRONT COVER OF ANY
SMITH BROTHERS BOX**
Send to: SMITH BROTHERS,
P. O. Box 557, Providence, R. I.



Here's all you do! Fill in coupon below (or use sheet of paper), and send in with 25¢ and the front cover of any Smith

Brothers box for beautiful bracelet finished in Nickel Silver! Allow 4 weeks for delivery. Supply is limited - so hurry!

Please print information below (use pencil) and send to: Smith Brothers, P. O. Box 557, Providence, R. I.

Name for Bracelet (about 14 letters) _____

Do you want birthstone? ☐ Yes ☐ No

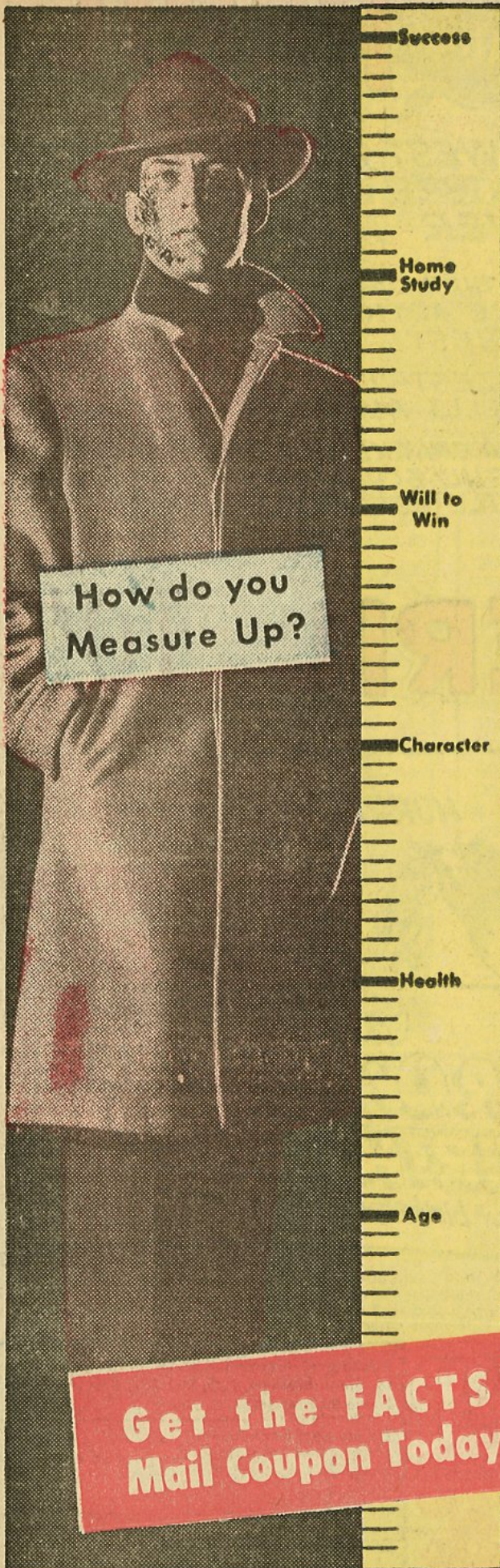
If Yes, give month of birth _____

Wrist Size Large ☐ Small ☐

Name _____

Address _____

City _____ Zone _____ State _____



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IT TAKES?**

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**Criminal Investigator
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You have everything to gain . . . nothing to lose! Here's your chance to learn at OUR expense whether you have "what it takes" to become a criminal investigator or finger print expert.

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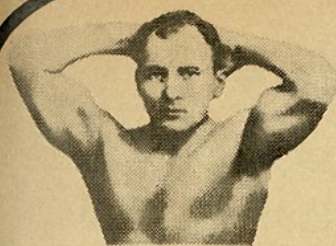
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Gentlemen: Without obligation or expense on my part, send me your qualification questionnaire. I understand that upon receipt of my answers you will immediately advise me if you think they indicate that I have a chance to succeed in criminal investigation or finger print work. Then I will receive FREE the "Blue Book of Crime," and information on your course and the 800 American Identification Bureaus employing your students or graduates.

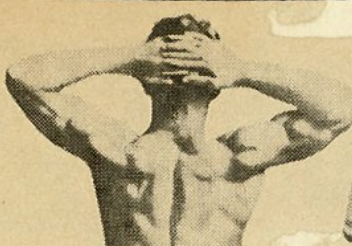
Name _____

Address _____ RFD or Zone _____

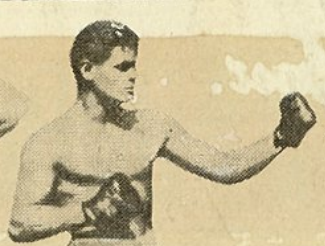
City _____ State _____ Age _____



"This photo proves I have gained unusual physical development through your methods."
—R. F., South Africa



"What a difference! Have put 3½ inches on my chest (normal) and 2½ inches expanded."
—F. S., New York



"I am sending you this snapshot showing my wonderful progress."
—W. G., New Jersey



"Gained 29 lbs. When I started your course I weighed 141. Now weigh 170."
—T. K., New York

I've turned thousands of fellows into **REAL HE-MEN**

Let me prove I can do it for you!

**All I Ask is 15 Minutes a Day
— "Dynamic Tension" Will Do The Rest**

From Weakling to a Real He-Man

You have changed me from a weakling to a real he-man. My chest has gone up 6 inches. I am a solid mass of muscle from head to foot. Friends and doctors I have met have noticed a great change and some have even failed to recognize me!"

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Gains 40 Lbs.

"Worth 100 times what I paid. You not only made me a man but you added at least 20 years to my life. I feel now as if I had been born again! My weight was 130 lbs. and I got myself to 170 through your wonderful course."

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Makes Track Team— Called "Perfect Build"

"Am in the pink of condition and on the school Track Team. As I was getting into my gym suit the other day I heard a couple of men say, 'Look at that fellow. He has a perfect build.'"

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Health 100% Better

Through Dynamic Tension "The benefits are wonderful! The first week my arm increased one inch, my chest two inches, and my health is 100% better. Dynamic Tension is the best in the world."

—W. E., Ohio

I could fill page after page of this magazine with enthusiastic reports from men all over the entire world! But what you want to know is—
"What can Atlas do for ME?"

Just give me 15 minutes a day of your spare time—right in the privacy of your own home. That's all I ask. Even in that short time I'll start giving RESULTS. The kind of results that you can SEE, FEEL, and MEASURE with a tape! And there's no cost to you if I fail!

I can broaden your shoulders, strengthen your back, develop your whole muscular system, INSIDE and OUTSIDE! I can add inches to your chest, give you a vise-like grip, make those legs of yours lithe and powerful. I can shoot new strength into your old backbone, exercise those inner organs, help you cram your body so full of pep, vigor and red-blooded vitality that you won't feel there's even "standing room" left for weakness and that lazy feeling! Before I get through with you I'll have your whole frame "measured" to a nice new, beautiful suit of muscle! And you'll be using the method which many great athletes use for keeping in condition — prize fighters, wrestlers, baseball and football players, etc.

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"Dynamic Tension"! That's the ticket! The identical natural method that I myself developed to change my body from the scrawny, skinny-chested weakling I was at 17 to my present super-man physique!

Thousands of other fellows are becoming marvelous physical specimens—my way. I give you NO gadgets or contraptions to fool with. When you have learned to develop your Strength through "Dynamic Tension" you can laugh at artificial muscle-makers. You simply utilize the DORMANT muscle power in your own God-given body—watch it increase and multiply double-quick into real solid MUSCLE.

any fellow who wants a better build. Yet it doesn't cost you a penny—I'll send you a copy absolutely FREE. Just glancing through it will open your eyes. In fact, it may be the turning point in your whole life! So don't put it off another minute. Send the coupon to me personally:

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65c



Famous Infantry HAVERSACK

H. with Mess Kit Case. May be worn alone or hooked into pistol or cartridge belt.

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Famous Field Artillery MUSSETTE BAG

M. with shoulder strap. Double duty. May be worn as pack sack or slung from shoulder.

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MEDICAL CORPS BAG

W. ADJUSTABLE lacing lowers bottom 4 inches to provide more space as needed.

75c



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NEW, adjustable to fit all sizes, young boy to big man. Has 10 pockets, including Pistol Holster. Swell as a gift for dad. Cost the Air Corps over \$10 to make.

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S. Unbreakable. Flashes 10 miles. Haceres hair sight and directions. Reverse side is camp mirror. Comes with wrist cord. New.

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G. Extra Handy athletic tool bag or overnight case.

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C. 10 POCKET CARTRIDGE BELT 85c adjustable from 28" to 46"



P. PISTOL BELT 65c adjustable from 23" to 42"



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F. 8 oz. Can IM-PREGNITE Leather Dressing and Water-proofing Compound (new).

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N. 12 oz. NAVY LEMON CONCENTRATE POWDER

Makes 3/4 gallon Lemon juice or 6 1/2 gallons Lemonade with sugar & water added (new)

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